The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'd'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2574.

HIS BURDEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY BEULAH.

Visions of our happy childhoods
Down the vista of the years,
Dance in rainbow lights before us,
Through a misty veil of tears.

Memory paints the skies all golden,
That perchance were sombre then;
For the troubles of our boyhood,
Are forgotten when we're men.

But my hero found his burden
When his life was fresh and fair,
When the early morning sunshine,
Nestled in his sunny hair.

And he struggled 'neath his burden,
Longed in vain to lay it down,—
Knew not that the cross of boyhood
Would become his manhood's crown.

For when tempted by ambition
In forbidden paths to stray;
He would find his heavy burden
Must be borne another way.

Then he pressed his precious burden
Closer to his beating heart;
Until it became unto him,
Evermore the better part.

For it brought him heavenly patience,
With the many ills of life;
Strength to bear without a murmur
Trouble, care, and worldly strife.

And he learned to smile so brightly
That few saw the burden there,—
And none knew him but to love him,
For his life of patient care.

Finally, a winsome maiden
Loved him better for his pain;
Thus his bane became his blessing,
His life burden richest gain.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER XVI.

It was a small room on the ground floor of Paul Andrews's house, fitted up with the luxurious taste and true love of the beautiful which characterized the master of the dwelling. The man possessed so many refined tastes and such varied talents that it made it all the sadder to watch him so perversely go on toward ruin, when under other influences his life might have been a benefit to his kind.

Andrews was leaning back in an easy chair smoking lazily, and opposite him, half lying on a sofa, was the man who held that mysterious control over Leonie Dormer's life. On the small table set an after-dinner coffee service, with a group of liquor flasks and tiny glasses, and they were talking indolently as they sipped their fragrant coffee, made stronger by the addition of the potent cordials that flashed like liquid diamonds in the exquisite Bohemian bottles.

One of Andrews's noiseless-moving servants entered and handed Yates a note.

"Mr. Solomons left it, sir," he said in a low, deferential tone; "he would have sent it during the day, but thought you would be down."

Yates nodded carelessly, and as the man left the room, he glanced at the writing on the envelope with a low laugh.

"What now?" asked Andrews. "Who's your correspondent?"

Yates did not trouble himself to reply. He opened the letter and read the hurried lines, laughing again as he thrust it into a pocket of his waistcoat.

"That must be from the beautiful widow," exclaimed Andrews impatiently. "You never laugh so much like the devil except when you hear something in regard to her."

"The spirit of prophecy is strong upon you," returned Yates; "it is from the beautiful widow."

"Well, what does she want?"

"How indiscreet!"

"Don't be an ass! Can't you answer a plain question?"

"Wants to see me of course—what other reason could a pretty woman have for writing to a man?"

"Bah? You told me that she hated you as she does the fiend—"

"Oh, her sex don't hate him," interrupted Yates.

Andrews blew a cloud of white smoke into the air and said with a suppressed anger in his voice—

"You are the most provoking fellow I ever knew! What did you want to mention the woman's name to me for if you never meant to tell me what all this confounded mystery is about?"

"Just your own fault," replied Yates. "When you came down to California last year you were raving about a woman who had flirted with you in St. Louis and fooled you, and when I found it was Leonie Dormer, I told you sometime I would give you an opportunity to punish her a little."

"But you haven't—"

"Oh, I think she has been a good deal teased! Didn't I set that little Crofton at her to please you?"

"But not a word have you told me of what all this mystery means."

"In good time you will probably learn—I don't know when—it depends on her behaviour."

"There you go again—you would vex a saint! I can't make out whether you love or hate the woman."

"Can't you?" returned Yates, and again that evil laugh sounded through the room. "Perhaps I am somewhat in doubt myself."

"Don't laugh like that," said Andrews peevishly; "it sounds too much like the devil to be agreeable."

"I am sure you have always found me a good-natured devil, at all events."

"You?" exclaimed Andrews. "I think you've led me into more scrapes than I ever got into by any other means. I must have lost a small fortune since you came to town with those cursed cards—I've a mind never to touch one again."

"Then it is a pity you invited those men here to-night."

"Oh, confound your sneers!"

"You're cross, Paul—don't you know it is bad for digestion? Come, stop thinking about the widow—it's no use—why of late she hardly speaks to you."

Paul Andrews muttered an oath as he brought his clenched hand down on the table with a force that made the glasses ring.

"I believe I loved that woman," he exclaimed. "I swear I'd sell my soul to be revenged on her for fooling me. What the devil do you sit there like a stone for? If you really have any hold on her, out with it—why, you know I'd buy your secret at any price."

"I don't sell secrets, Mr. Paul Andrews."

"Now don't be virtuous with me when I know you'd sell your grandmother if you had one."

"Think what you like! Perhaps I know nothing—perhaps I make more money by keeping it! At least I'll settle my affairs in my own way and you shall hold your tongue till I give you leave to speak."

"There's nothing I can tell—unless it was that I know she is acquainted with you and that you are a gambler—"

"And Paul Andrews's friend," broke in the other; "I should take pains to make that clear if you crossed me."

Andrews gave him an angry look, but made no answer. He sank back in his chair and a thoughtful expression stole over his face—perhaps he was thinking of a time when life looked very different from now—when he had hopes and a future, and his place in this world was among upright men, and his reputation unstained, at least in their estimation.

Yates sat watching him, apparently reading with ease the bitter reflections that filled his mind, for he smiled covertly in enjoyment of the other's pain.

"Don't get grumpy," he said at last. "Come, will it put you in good humor to do something ill-natured?"

"I think it would," exclaimed Andrews. "Curse this world—I hate it—I wish all the people I knew had but one neck and I stood on it."

"You must be the Roman Emperor resuscitated," said Yates, laughing. "I can't offer you such wholesale revenge, but you shall write Leonie Dormer a note if you please—get your best paper, old fellow."

"What tom-foolery now?" asked Andrews, but he rose and brought a writing desk from the other end of the room and placed it on the table.

"What shall I say?" he continued as he opened it. "I was fool enough to write to her once since she came here, and she sent it back in a clean envelope."

"She will not this, I promise you," replied Yates.

"Well, well, what do you want written?" demanded he, tearing a sheet of paper in a brief spasm of silent fury.

Yates meditated a little—then, as he lighted a fresh cigar, he began directing slowly, and Andrews wrote:—

"I am most happy, dear Mrs. Dormer, to be the bearer of good tidings to you; and I venture to think you will be all the more pleased at their reaching you through an old acquaintance—may I say friend? I have received your note for our mutual friend, Philip Yates, and it is now in his hands. I shall do my best to urge him to comply speedily with your request—though I own I wonder at such solicitation being necessary—you know it would not if it were my case—and so, I sign myself as in the old time, yours faithfully, PAUL ANDREWS."

Andrews read the page half aloud, and said—

"I think that will vex her in more ways than one! Come, I feel in better spirits."

"The consciousness of having performed a meritorious work," sneered Yates. "Seal it, and let one of your people take it up to her house at once."

Andrews obeyed; and after the man had been summoned to take the letter, he began walking slowly up and down the room, while Yates looked carelessly after him over his shoulder, and smiled anew at the restless bitterness in his worn face.

CAUGHT IN THE ICEBERGS.

The above engraving represents the British ships Dorothea and Trent, caught among the icebergs, on an exploring expedition after the North-West passage. If caught between two large icebergs the stoutest ship will be crushed to pieces.

CHAPTER XVII.

The first days dragged by; there were useless discussions between Milly and her aunt; reproaches and complaints, and too frequently, heavy quarrels, which threatened to end in absolute separation.

Milly saw everybody who called; she forced herself to appear the same as usual; she put rouge on her cheeks to hide their whiteness; she laughed and talked so gayly, and played her part so well, that visitors went away completely puzzled, and inclined to believe that she had had matters all her own way where Walter Thorman was concerned.

But the reaction, when she was once more alone, was terrible. It was well for her that spring had come and people were too busy with their summer preparations for many visits, or the strain on her nerves would have broken her completely down. As it was, they were worn to the most acute sensitiveness; the sudden opening of a door would make her spring out of her chair; a loud voice would give her a headache which lasted for hours.

She was obliged to see Mrs. Wallace—for notwithstanding Mrs. Gresham's lecture, the little woman was so conscience-stricken about Milly, that she actually forced her way into the girl's presence one day when she had met the belligerent aunt in the street and knew she might enter the house in comparative safety.

"Oh, Milly, Milly!" she exclaimed, beginning to cry at once, "I am so sorry—I never meant you any harm! I just thought it was fun; and I have quarrelled with Paul; and I've told everybody you didn't go, and if you did, it was without knowing it was to his house; and I wish my feet had been cut off first, and—"

And here she broke down, and Milly had to comfort her—it was the first sincere sympathy the girl had met.

"Dear Mrs. Wallace, you have done nothing; I don't care about these ill-natured reports."

"Yes, but I've ruined your happiness—your engagement is broken off."

"But not on that account; I did it myself; Mr. Thorman did not even know of the dinner until afterward."

Little Mrs. Wallace brightened considerably, and very soon she was offering protestations of friendship without stint.

"I wish you would go to Newport this summer with me, Milly—as my guest, you know—I'm sure your aunt is horrid cross; won't you promise?"

But Milly had no desire for gayety; more over, she would not have chosen to trust herself to Mrs. Wallace's care, even if her aunt would have permitted—a thing not at all probable.

"If ever I can help you, Milly, you may be sure I will! I declare, if I should die before you are married, I'll leave you all the money I can will away from my husband's relatives—see if I don't!"

Milly assured her that she would much prefer she should live, and made her laugh by the quaint speeches with which she was learning to cover her pain.

"I wish you would come and see me," said Mrs. Wallace; "but I don't suppose your aunt would let you."

"No; I suppose not," Milly replied, frankly.

"Well, I don't blame her! Of course she is furious about your losing such a chance, and blames right and left; but you are not angry with me, Milly—you are sure you are not?"

"Indeed I am not, dear Mrs. Wallace; I think you are as kind-hearted as a woman can be, and I like you very much."

"You are a little darling!" cried she. "I just wish you were my niece—you might break as many engagements as you pleased—you would be so nice to have near one."

Milly thought of her temper and obstinacy, and was heartily ashamed of the praise she was receiving, but Mrs. Wallace would not hear a word to gainsay her own opinion.

"I like you more than any girl I know," she said. "If ever you need a friend, come to me; I know your aunt will be hard on you—and I hate that Maud."

All this was as confused and injudicious as possible, but Mrs. Wallace had worked herself into a spasm of affection for Milly, and chose to consider her a martyr—and had settled in her own mind, that the poor child was oppressed and made miserable by a set of tyrranical relations.

"I suppose I must go," she said, at length; "if Eliza Gresham found me here, she'd be fit to turn me out of the house—she threatened as much the other day—but I was determined to see you."

"And you must go away feeling that you have not done any harm."

"That will be a great comfort, and you don't look unhappy—but I can understand! People think me frivolous and silly—but I used to be different, indeed I did."

She sighed, and the tears came into her eyes—tears for some faded romance in her poor wasted life, but she was too weak to do more than passively repine.

"The Lord knows when I shall see you again, dear. I am going out of town. Good-by; keep your courage up, and remember what I have said."

She kissed Milly a dozen times, repeating every sort of extravagant offer, and went away greatly relieved in her mind.

Then before many days, poor foolish young Charley Wylde must needs present himself to Milly, and after many transparent evasions and pretexts, pour out his story.

"Oh, Milly, it wasn't for any of those things that I came—you know it wasn't! I love you—I have always loved you! I was broken-hearted when I heard you were engaged to that Thorman—but they say you have sent him off. Milly, I came to ask you to try and care for me a little—to marry me and let me make you happy."

Milly was overcome with remorse when she remembered how in her recklessness and passion she had led him on, forgetful that it might be sad earnest to him.

"I am sorry, oh, so sorry," she faltered.

He looked in her face and saw the sympathy there, but nothing more; he was not brilliant or deep, but he really loved her in his boyish, impetuous way, and love made him clear sighted enough to understand that he had no hope.

"You mean you can't care for me?" he exclaimed. "I know what being sorry means! Oh, Milly, don't you think you ever could?"

"Never, Charley, never; but I wouldn't have grieved you so for the world."

"Never mind that! Only I did hope—I couldn't help it. For all they said you were engaged, you were so kind and pleasant that I was fool enough to think maybe you did like me a little, and that you had been drawn into that other affair against your wishes."

He said it all without having the least idea how his words stung Milly, making her see her coquetry in an entirely new light—as an absolute sin toward that young heart.

"I wish you could think differently of it, Milly! I'm rich—I'd try so hard to make you happy."

"Oh don't, Charley, please don't!"

"I won't say another word if it pains you, Milly. What makes you look so altered? People say you are gayer than ever since Thorman went away, but I can see you are not the same."

His love gifted the foolish fellow with new perceptions; he could feel that he beheld another Milly sitting there, very unlike the girl with whom he had danced and made merry, though he could not have explained his thought.

"I'll tell you what, Milly!" he exclaimed suddenly. "If that fellow Thorman—I always did hate him—has treated you ill, I'll follow him to the ends of the earth to punch his head for him."

He looked eager to be despatched on the journey at once, and Milly hastened to set his mind at rest.

"Nobody has treated me ill, Charley—but I have behaved shamefully to you, and I ask your pardon for it."

"Now don't!" he stammered. "You—you'll have me making a fool of myself in a minute, and I don't want to do that! Oh, Milly, I wish you could love me! I'm twenty-one now, my fortune is my own, and I know if you don't marry me I shall get into no end of scrapes and ruin myself."

"No, Charley; for that would make me very unhappy."

"Would it—would it, really?"

"Indeed, indeed it would!"

"Then I'll be steady! I'll not spree, even if the fellows do call me a muff!" cried Charley. "I wish I had a good head-piece—I'd—I'd do something so grand and magnificent that you'd be glad to love me. But I'm good for nothing," sighed honest Charley, "unless it is at getting up tableaux and playing billiards, and they're no good, you know! A fellow couldn't go about making a picture of himself or being like that French chap, what's-his-name? that'll send a ball clean round the corner and bring it back to pocket."

Milly looked at him and listened; he seemed so very young—years and years younger than she in her experience and her distress—she envied him his youth, his freshness, his very folly.

"And you are sure you couldn't care for me?" Charley persisted.

"Only as a sister might, dear Charley; in that way, I care for you a great deal and always shall."

"Yes, that's nice," said Charley doubtfully; "that's what the women say in novels to the men they won't marry. Oh dear, I'm sure I don't know what to do with my life—it's an awful bore, you know! You see, I have been building a sort of chateau—what-do-you-call-it?—I never could remember the French word, and now it's tumbled down and I stand like—like the fellow among the ruins of Carthage, you know," said Charley with dramatic effect, calling up the simile from some long forgotten school book.

"But you will get over it very soon, Charley, and see how much better it is, and cease caring for me."

"Maybe so," said Charley; "so does a fellow get over the toothache, but it hurts deucedly while it lasts."

Charley was actually attempting comparisons and doing the imaginative generally, but Milly was too sick at heart to smile at his oddities and his blunders. She had to send him away at last. When it came to parting, he fairly blubbered and grew desperate.

"I never thought I should want to use my new revolver, only just for fun," he said, "but I'd like to now."

Milly was sorry for him and he was dismally in earnest, and her self-reproaches

would not permit her to grow impatient with him.

"Well," cried Charley, "good-by—good-by! You've made my life a blank, Milly, but it isn't your fault! I feel just like the man in Tennyson, you know—

'O my Amy, mine no more—
O the dreary, dreary moorland—O the barren, barren shore.'

Only I don't think you're false or shallow, you know; but I'm sure Broadway will be a desert to me now, and the avenue a great deal more lonesome than any moorland."

He got as far as the door, but he had to come back; it was all serious with him, and he was feeling to the full extent of his capacities. He kissed Milly's hand—he quoted more Tennyson—he slapped his forehead as he had seen Lester Wallack do in a play, and then he flung himself out of the room.

As ill luck would have it, he met Mrs. Gresham, and keeping his emotions a secret not being an art in which Charley excelled, he was fain to tell her his troubles, and his determination of doing something desperate, only that Milly begged him not.

Mrs. Gresham was seized with an idea; why should not Milly take possession of this silly boy and his five hundred thousand dollars, and bring him up reasonably? Plenty of girls would have accepted him with thankfulness—if Milly would, everything might be settled, and Mrs. Gresham's worries at rest. She only told Charley that young women often changed their minds, and that he must not lose courage—"Faint heart never won fair lady."

"That's what the play says—Mary Gannon used to do the boy in it—but I don't know! Milly might do exactly what she pleased—I'll never cross her—such a pony-carriage as she should have—I wouldn't even let the dogs into the house if they bothered her;" and after that concession, Charley felt that masculine devotion could go no further.

"I am sure you would be a kind husband," Mrs. Gresham said, determined, under the influence of her new idea, not to see that he was a fool.

Charley was flattered by the praise, and took himself off with a less black feeling of despair, though he went along the street muttering—

"I feel like Mariana in the Moated Grange, by Jove!

"She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'

"That's it, for all she wasn't a fellow—it just expresses it."

He thought of numberless pathetic and self-pitying things, and went resolutely home to be miserable, in spite of meeting Jack Norris and Harry Caldwell, and several other companions of his own calibre, who tried to lure him into Phelan's for billiards or Delmonico's for lunch.

Charley shook them off impatiently; billiards were a drug—food was disgusting—even the sight of a wonderful little black-and-tan dog Jack Morris had did not cheer him, and Harry Caldwell's stunning new trousers and gorgeous scarf failed to awaken any envy in his soul.

"There's a gulf between me and them," thought Charley, as he trudged through Union Square; "a gulf they can't bridge over—blacker than Byron's Bridge of Sighs, by Jupiter! I know just how those chaps used to feel when they went over it. I shall go out of town—maybe I'd better go back to Europe—that's what fellows always do in English novels—rush over to the Continent! I wonder why the rest of the world isn't a continent as well as Paris, for it's Paris they mean by it. Oh dear, I'm very wretched! I was to go and see those terrier pups to-day, but I shan't—I've no heart for anything now. There go Tom Ford and Lydia Mason—oh, I hate 'em—I hate the whole world—I wish I was dead!"

Charley banged his hat down over his eyes and strode home, as miserable in his way as more rational, broader-minded people are in theirs.

Mrs. Gresham was talking to Milly, actually proposing that she should marry Charley Wylde, and Milly was so outraged that she seemed to have reached the crowning moment of her misery and humiliation.

"I believe you would sell me, body and soul," she said. "I marry that boy, that baby, without an idea in his head!"

"But he is rich; he would be very kind—he is good-looking—of a good family—many a girl would be glad enough to get him."

"Let such take him."

"I never saw a girl throw away her life and prospects as you do! You wouldn't marry Thorman, a man of mind and brains—you won't marry Charley Wylde because he's a fool—in heaven's name, what do you expect?"

"Nothing, aunt."

"You'll not have offers of marriage every day! I never knew so lucky a girl or one who so recklessly rejected her chances."

"Aunt Eliza, could you bear to see me marry Charley Wylde?—answer honestly."

"I know twenty girls that would jump for joy to do it," she replied evasively.

"We have not a feeling in common; he could no more understand my thoughts than I can Hebrew—"

"Oh, if you are going to talk like Hortense, I have done! This having a soul and a heart, and genius and inward struggles, and the Lord knows what other fiddle-faddle, is very well for a girl that is rich, but when she hasn't a penny of her own, I call such such things downright wickedness and blasphemy, and if they don't bring a judgment on your head I shall wonder."

In the end Mrs. Gresham grew very angry, and reproached Milly bitterly, though all the while I suppose she would have been sorry to see her so sacrificed; but just then all she could think of was the madness of a poor girl's deliberately throwing away half a million of money.

"You could be married at once," she said, "and that would end the stories about you. Charley would take you to Europe—why, he would be a perfect slave to your whims."

"And the sin, aunt, the wickedness of marrying a man whom I could not love, whose weakness and frivolity I must despise—you say nothing of that."

"And you think nothing of the sin of repaying your friends' kindness with ingratitude—of the wickedness of making one a skeleton with toil and contrivances for sending you into society—you don't think of those things in your sudden fit of religious scruples."

This series of excitements, following in such rapid succession, was killing Milly. She wrung her hands and burst into a tempest of despair that frightened Mrs. Gresham, who knew better than anybody how terribly her nerves had been tried.

"I shall say no more," she said; "I don't know how we are to live—I am as poor as a church mouse. You'll find life different, I fancy! What I can afford to spend must go for Maud now."

"I don't want anything—not even a dress to wear or bread to eat—I want rest."

"As for keeping the governess, that is quite out of the question," pursued Mrs. Gresham. "What with the money I have lost and all I spent, so certain of your doing well, I am penniless for the present."

"I will teach the children—I have told you so; I will make their clothes, yes, and wash them. Let me go down into the country—I don't want to stay here—I can take the children, and that will be a great saving—you can afford to go with Maud to some watering-place."

"I am in a nice state of mind for society," said Mrs. Gresham. "Your conduct has dispirited me; how can I tell Maud won't behave in the same way—fly up in the face of heaven and good luck just when everything is arranged."

Milly might have added that she hoped Maud would not have all her hopes blighted by a frost when they looked most blooming, that her faith in human nature, her trust in life, almost her belief in the goodness of God shaken from its foundations, by a blow from the very hand which had promised to make existence brighter and more beautiful.

But she had grown shy of giving utterance to her feelings to her aunt—such words would probably only have drawn down a severe retort upon her own determination to wreck her happiness and that of everybody connected with her, so Milly remained silent.

"Perhaps you think Maud's future of no consequence," said Mrs. Gresham.

"Indeed, aunt, I was thinking a great deal about it and hoping that it might be bright and pleasant."

"There shall be no nonsense," exclaimed Mrs. Gresham, "on that I am determined. I have learned to my cost what romance and poetical feelings come to."

Milly shivered under that thrust; Mrs. Gresham ought not to have been sufficiently ungenerous to make it, for she had imagination enough to understand Milly better than she did. But after all it is very difficult to be generous when one is so thoroughly disappointed and vexed, and one is prone to lose respect for romance and poetry when they stand in the way of getting one's youthful charges satisfactorily settled in the world.

So Mrs. Gresham argued and reproached Milly till Milly grew so disgusted with her worldliness and her hard-hearted calculation that matters were worse than ever between them. Indeed, in the affair with Thorman Mrs. Gresham knew what Milly suffered, and that knowledge restrained her somewhat in the utterance of her cruel speeches, but in this last matter she could give full vent to her feelings, and you may be sure she did it. She thought Milly a monster of ingratitude, and Milly thought her cold and selfish, and longed more and more to die and have it all over.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the first week in May at last; that was the time Mrs. Gresham had set to leave town, and to Milly at least it had seemed that the day would never arrive.

Matters had been more definitely arranged between the aunt and niece, and the separation which at one period seemed imminent, was dismissed from their thoughts. Milly was to be the governess of the little girls, and Rob was to be sent to boarding-school. No more holiday life for Milly—she must be useful since she had failed in the ornamental part and make all the amends in her power.

Maud was cantankerous as a dwarfed scorpion when she discovered the plans in contemplation for their summer, and she rebelled with an explosion as loud as she dared to make it in her mother's presence, freighted with premonitions of the avalanche which would fall on Milly's devoted head at the first convenient opportunity.

"Go into the country now to stay—at that horrid, poky place I have always hated!" cried Maud. "And you promised that I should go to Newport—you know you did, mamma."

"But you don't want to go there till August."

"I shall die in the country," moaned Maud, "I know I shall—not a soul to speak to—oh, dear, oh, dear!"

She was seized with a brilliant thought. Adelaide was good-natured to her when it did not interfere with her own comfort, and Mr. Ramsay always so. Maud felt confident that if she bemoaned her fate before him with sufficient clamor to penetrate the abstraction in which he lived out of business hours, he would bid Adelaide snatch her from the impending fate.

So when packing commenced, though not in its fullest horror, for they were living in a furnished house, Miss Maud arrayed herself and departed to her brother-in-law's mansion, looking a perfect Niobe just before the petrifying process of that unfortunate female. She caught Mr. Ramsay at home, as she expected, for it was near his dinner hour—and what was equally satisfactory, Adelaide was in an unusually good-humor, from the effects of a set of jewelry she had coaxed her husband into giving her.

"I have come to stay to dinner," announced Maud; "and I am as miserable as I can be."

Mr. Ramsay nodded pleasantly—he had only heard the first part of the sentence.

"Great grizzly bear!" thought Maud. "I'd like to pinch a little feeling into you."

Adelaide brought out her jewelry, and Maud was forced to admire it for fear of consequences, in spite of the bitterness in her soul; but she took the earliest occasion to begin the recital of her wrongs, and as it gave Adelaide an opportunity to abuse Milly, she grew more amiable than ever.

"I'd rather die, Adelaide, than be buried there! I think mamma is downright cruel; as for Milly, I hate her."

"The aggravating thing," returned Mrs. Ramsay; "it's all her fault—I only wonder mamma has any patience with her."

"If you were in my place, you would go wild," pursued Maud. "Oh, I don't know what I shall do!"

She fretted and wailed—occasionally glancing toward Mr. Ramsay, but his head was full of some Western railway stock that had gone up wonderfully that morning, and he did not even remember that she was in the room. Maud began to weep; she bubbled and trickled like a mountain brook, and distressed Adelaide because such noisy grief disturbed her comfort, but the desired effect was at length attained—Mr. Ramsay turned, came out of his stocks, exclaiming—

"Hey-day, pussy, what is the matter?"

Maud only sobbed more frantically, and Adelaide said—

"She is in despair at having to go down to the country-place; and mamma is so discouraged by the conduct of that abominable Milly, that she has no spirits left."

"You don't want to go into the country, pussy?" said Mr. Ramsay.

"Oh, it's horrid," sobbed Maud; "it's enough to kill a saint."

"Well, well, don't cry so—you'll spoil your pretty eyes! Stay with us. And Adelaide can take you to Saratoga, and from there to Newport."

Maud sprang up in ecstasy; this was better even than she had dared to hope; and Adelaide, softened by Maud's judicious admiration of her jewels, and animated by a desire to make Milly feel aggrieved by the contrast, entered into the scheme with sufficient satisfaction.

Maud went home in a seventh heaven of delight and informed her mother, who was almost as much delighted as she at the turn affairs had taken.

"I shall go to Adelaide at once," said Maud; "I can't do any good here—can I, mamma?"

"Not the least," Mrs. Gresham replied, truthfully enough. "You had better get your things ready and go to-morrow."

So Maud escaped the discomforts of packing and all the disagreeables which hang over the last days one spends in a place under such circumstances. It would have been a shadow on her self-gratulation could she have known how relieved Milly was by her departure, and with what satisfaction she looked forward to the quiet of the country, undisturbed by her cousin's presence; but Maud took it for granted that Milly was wretched over her good luck and anticipated summer of content, therefore she went away in the full tide of bliss.

Mrs. Gresham, Milly and the children were preparing to go down into the country, but before their departure a revelation was made to Milly which softened a little the fierce anger and sense of injury that had helped to keep up her show of courage.

Cæsar, the coffee-colored waiter, was going, as he always did in the summer, to coin gold at some watering-place, and lord it as head-waiter over more humble and deeper tinged companions, and the evening of his departure he asked an interview with Milly. Cæsar's dark-hued conscience had awakened—he knew very well what had happened to Milly, as servants always do know one's troubles, and Cæsar took remorse upon himself in the affair of the note which his young mistress had given him, and which lay for so many days forgotten in the recesses of Julius Hannibal's treacherous pocket, that the two ebony idiots decided it was of no use whatever to deliver it then.

Cæsar could not make up his mind to leave the house without confessing his guilt, for he had a chivalrous devotion for Milly, but he put off the revelation, like a wise creature, until the last moment. He told the story with the grandiloquence peculiar to his race, beginning with—

"I little 'spected, Miss Milly, that annoyance could ever reach you from any resource where I was concerned, but I trusted to friendship, and friendship proved a Gargorious knot which I cut distinctively."

Cæsar wrote for an Ethiopian paper, and was a poet much admired among the select circles in which he moved, so that his conversation was often so flowery and ornate that it was difficult to discover his precise meaning. But he soon made himself clear enough for Milly's comprehension—he produced the unfortunate note, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with pink ribbon, as he had laid it carefully aside after its recovery, and bowed before Milly with a contrite air which would have made Dan Bryant's fortune if he could only have copied it.

Milly did not reprove him—where was the good now? She took the billet, told Cæsar it was not of the slightest importance, and thanked him for his honesty, though it did come somewhat late.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CLARA BARTON writes from Carlsruhe to a Washington paper, that she has been visiting the German hospitals, by the desire of the Grand Duchess of Baden, the only daughter of the King of Prussia. The hospitals are under her special direction, and she does her whole duty. The regulations, details, articles used, mode of management, etc., are copied closely from those that obtained in our sanitary department during the "difficulties." The Grand Duchess, in calling Miss Barton's attention to many little inventions of American origin for the comfort of the men, said in her sweet way, "We *try* to do as you did, but can not reach you;" and after a moment, added, "I have read for hours, without raising my eyes, of the wonderful work that was done in the American war. Nothing has charmed me so much."

☞ A critic says: "Parepa's voice may be likened to the ocean; Nilsson's to the placid stream; Patti's to the dashing cascade. Give us the ocean."

☞ An old gentleman at Lewiston, lately sold fifty dollars' worth of old silver coins which he has kept sixty years to look at. The Journal reckons that if put out at interest it would have accumulated the value of $4,000 in that time.

☞ The San Francisco Jews have voted—88 to 24—to abolish the old custom forbidding men and women to sit together in the synagogue.

☞ A piece of land for sale in London is advertised as "equally suitable for a church or tavern."

☞ To give a man a hard name—Call him a brick.

☞ Some experiments have been made at Tours with a view of ascertaining at what distance balloons would be in danger of being struck by projectiles. At an elevation of 2,500 metres not a single ball struck the experimental balloon. At a distance of 1,000 and 1,200 metres several bullets struck the balloon, but the escape of gas was so gradual that, aided by a good wind, it would bear the aerostat some miles from the locality where it had been struck.

☞ "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed? What is your verdict?" "We find the prisoner not guilty, if he will leave town."

☞ An English paper says: "Our American kinsfolk are gasconaders still, though a dry sub-humor corrects the flavor of their bombast; but this sentence, 'Honor to the chief who, on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, waved the star-spangled banner of our common country in the face of the setting sun,' is not a joke, but a sentence actually uttered by an American diplomatist at a dinner to General Fremont, and a mild specimen of that kind of talk too."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2,50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers up to January.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

THE EUROPEAN COMPLICATION.

Russia, finding one of her old opponents, France, disabled, has announced her intention of not observing any longer the treaty of 1856, by which the Black Sea was made a sea of commerce and peace, not to be disturbed by the armed navies of any nation.

Turkey, England, Austria and Italy, the other parties, with France, to this treaty, are naturally indignant at the abrupt announcement made by Russia—and, if Russia adheres to her purpose, war probably will be the result.

What ambitious madness it is. Russia has already an immense territory—not half peopled—and she should devote her energies to enlightening the minds of her subjects, and improving their social and material condition. Here is work for her for the next thousand years.

As for the Black Sea, would that not only it, but every sea and ocean, were closed to any other than the peaceful fleets of commerce. Russia needs no armed fleet on the Euxine for protection and defence, but only for aggression. It is the madness of her monarchs, running down from sire to son, to possess Constantinople. And for this end the Russian people are willing to contribute their money and their lives—dying, and empoverishing themselves, for an empty national glory.

But why, some may ask, should not Western Europe allow Russia to swallow Turkey? Because, in the first place, every generous feeling revolts at seeing the oppression of the weak by the strong. And, secondly, because ambition grows by what it feeds on—and, Turkey conquered, Russia would be eager to extend still further her dominions, and would menace both Austria and Italy.

The preservation of the balance of power in Europe, is not a mere theoretical dogma, it is based upon the most vital and practical considerations. It is essential to the very existence of all the weaker powers. If these latter were not to assist each other when menaced by a great power like Russia, they would be conquered and taken possession of as Poland has been, one after the other.

☞ A subscriber wishes to be informed of a few magazines and papers which pay for occasional contributions—and also of the prices they pay.

Pretty nearly all the magazines and papers pay for novelets and stories, but the prices vary from very little to a good deal, according to the supposed merits of the stories, and, more particularly, the reputation of the writers. Some magazines, we have heard, pay a regular price per page for all the articles they accept, but we know not whether this is the fact or not. Our advice to beginners is, to write your articles, and get them published, if you can, with compensation or without. If you manifest ability, your articles will be sought for, and compensation be offered in proportion to your popularity. Publishers are always anxious to procure the services of popular writers—though we may add here, that the best writers are not always the most popular ones.

OUR LETTERS.

Mr. J. L. E of Chester, Illinois, writes us:

"I have been reading THE POST since 1826, and I consider it the best family paper in the United States. I expect to take it as long as I live."

Mrs. M. M. of Pierceton, Indiana, says:—

"We have had the reading of THE POST for over twenty years, and we were saying this morning that there is no other paper with which we so cordially agree."

ARCADIA.—A correspondent writing from Arcadia, Kansas—not Italy—says the people out there care more for land and cattle than for literature.

We are sorry to hear such a bad report of the Arcadians. And if we get a good large club for THE POST from that vicinity, we shall certainly disbelieve it.

The South in 1870.

We have at length a complete statement from the Philadelphia *North American*, of the returns of the United States census of the population of the entire southern states, and as a great interest has been felt to see the effect of the war upon that section, we subjoin a comparison showing what it was in 1860 and what it is now:

States.	1870.	1860.
Alabama,	1,000,000	994,200
Arkansas,	486,103	435,450
Delaware,	125,000	112,216
Florida,	189,995	140,424
Georgia,	1,185,000	1,057,286
Kentucky,	1,322,264	1,155 684
Louisiana,	710,194	708,002
Maryland,	780,000	687,029
Mississippi,	894,190	791,305
Missouri,	1,708,000	1,182,012
North Carolina,	1,072,000	992,622
South Carolina,	725,000	703,708
Tennessee,	1,288,226	1,109,801
Texas,	850,000	604,215
Virginia,	1,209,607	1,596,318
West Virginia,	447,942	
Aggregate,	13,947,822	12,220,073
Increase,	1,717,749	

Not a single state of all this array exhibits a decrease of population, notwithstanding that all of them have suffered from the ravages of a terrible war of four years duration and unprecedented magnitude. That there must have been a diminution of the people at that time does not admit of a doubt; but the five years of recuperation, peace, industry, have replaced all the old population, and given an unwonted impetus to immigration into the southern states from Europe and from the north. Texas does not come up to the large estimates that have been published, though her increase has been a good one for a state of war. Missouri has fairly astonished herself and everybody else with her large increase. As for old Virginia, her territory was so awfully desolated by the war, that it is a mystery how she has managed to come up without a loss of population. Nothing could more strikingly attest the energetic spirit of the people of all parts of our common country.

Sewage Utilization.

An English gentleman, Mr. Hope, has made experiments in utilising sewage, which promise very important results, inasmuch as they seem to determine the invaluable character of sewage in agriculture. Mr. Hope has purchased the sewage of Romford, a town of about four thousand inhabitants, for $3,000 a year, which he pours in a fluid state over a farm of one hundred and twenty-one acres, the result being root crops without parallel. Recently a number of scientific men from London inspected Mr. Hope's farm, and in their published report of their visit they say: "The specimens for the most part were of unusual size, recalling Gulliver's experiences in Brobdignag, one single potato frequently consisting of a cluster weighing a couple of pounds, and carrots attaining the dimensions of humming tops. Mangold wurzels had swollen to the proportions of moderate trunks of trees, standing fully *two feet* above ground, and on every side nature was arrayed in her very largest patterns." There was about the farm no unpleasant odor perceptible, except at the reservoir; the profits, also, are announced as considerable.

Almost everywhere abroad sewage is utilized and made a source of revenue to the local government. Here no attempts are made to employ it, but on the contrary, the various municipal authorities are subject to great expense annually merely to waste one of the best fertilisers known to science. The loss is not only felt by the cities, but by the agricultural districts which require all the help to large crops that they can get. — *Philada. Inquirer.*

☞ A thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have: every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the nether empire; and new emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him.—*T. Carlyle.*

☞ The German armies use field telegraphs very extensively. They are of three kinds—flying, provisional and permanent. The first consists of wires surrounded with gutta percha, which are payed out on level ground. The second are wires of iron, used in hilly and woody districts, and affixed to pegs on trees. The third are constructed in the ordinary manner by a department especially entrusted with the duty.

☞ Beef from Texas, in refrigerated casks, is sold in the New Orleans markets. It is sweet, and will keep several days after unpacking. So says the Picayune.

☞ A QUEER REPORT.—A funny story reaches us of a steamer agent up the country. He sold a ticket for two adults and a child, charging, according to regulation, half fare for the latter. Makes report to New York office on blank:—"Adults two, children one, in all two and one half souls." This fellow would make up a report to please the railroad commissioners.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ON THE USES OF WINES IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By FRANCIS E. ANSTIE, M. D., F. R. C. P., editor of the London Practitioner; assisted by the Editorial Staff. Published by J. S. Redfield, New York; and also for sale by the Central News Company.

PUCK'S NIGHTLY PRANKS. Illustrated by Paul Konewka. Translated from the German of Ludwig Bund, by Charles T. Brooks. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. The silhouettes which illustrate this little volume are really exquisite. They are the work of a true artist—and we think we have never seen Puck's bold exploits represented in a more fairy-like manner.

TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN. The possible Reformation. A Story in Nine Chapters. By Col. FREDERIC INGHAM, (Rev. Edw. E. Hale.) Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. A capital book—the idea being to show the wide influence exerted by one energetic, truthful man.

BESSY RANE. A Novel. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," "The Channings," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

GEOFFREY, THE LOLLARD. By FRANCES EASTWOOD. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by the Protestant Episcopal Book Society, 1224 Chestnut St., Philada.

AN ADDRESS—Commemorative of the Virtues and Services of Abraham B. Hutton, late Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, delivered at the request of the Directors, on the 4th of October, 1870. By JAMES J. BARCLAY, Secretary of the Institution. Published by order of the Directors, Philada.

HANDEL AND HAYDN. Second volume of The Tone Masters, a Musical Series for Young People. By CHARLES BARNARD, author of "Mozart and Mendelssohn," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philada.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. For October. American Edition. Contains "Cox's Aryan Mythology," "Baron Hubner's Sixtus V.," "Memoirs of a Russian Dekabrist," "Dr. Newman's Grammar of Assent," "Ernst Moritz Arndt," "Sir John Lubbock's Prehistoric Times," "The Campaign of August 1870," "Earl Stanhope's Reign of Queen Anne," "Germany France, and England," etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. For November. Published by the "XIX Century" Company, Charleston, S. C. Contains several quite interesting papers.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE. For December. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philada.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW. A Miscellany of Useful Knowledge and General Literature. For November. Published by Fowler & Moon, N. W. cor. Walnut and Fourth streets, Philada.

Napoleon's Flower.

The Violet is the emblematic flower of the Bonapartes, as the Lily is of the Bourbons. When Eugenie agreed to accept Napoleon's offer of marriage, she expressed it only by appearing one evening dressed in an exquisite violet toilette—violets in her hair, in her dress, even to a bunch in her hand. Louis Napoleon understood, and it was his only answer. Napoleon, while consul, selected this as his flower. It was through Josephine asking him to bring her a bouquet of them on her birthday—a desire he was only able to serve after very great difficulty. He cultivated them assiduously while a prisoner at St. Helena; and they were profusely planted over the grave of Josephine. After his death, his coffin was covered with the humble flowers he loved. It is even said that in the earlier days of Louis Napoleon, he was silently made acquainted with who his secret friends were by a cautious display of violets.

☞ Suicide is so common in Chicago that a public stomach-pumpery, open day and night, is talked of.

☞ English Free Masons have contributed $350,000 to the families of killed and wounded German soldiers.

☞ Letters from Rome state that Minister McVeagh has had an attack of softening of the brain, and will at once retrace his steps to America and resign his commission, being prohibited by his physicians from further mental labors.

☞ A young lady, while singing at a church in Jasper county, Indiana, on Sunday last, was suddenly struck dumb, and has not since been able to utter a word.

☞ Twenty-five persons met their death by their devotion to base ball during the past season.

☞ Sydney Smith says, regarding the unnecessary consumption of food:—"According to my own computation, I have eaten and drunk, between my tenth and seventieth year, forty-four wagon-loads more than was good for me."

☞ THE CENSUS.—The returns for the New England states give that section of the country a population of 3,482,001 in 1870, against 3,135,283 in 1860, showing an increase of 11.06 per cent. The population of the respective states is as follows:—Massachusetts, 1,448,055; Maine, 630 428; Connecticut, 537,008; Vermont, 330,235; New Hampshire, 317,976; and Rhode Island, 217,319. The increase of population in Rhode Island amounts to 24.45 per cent.; in Massachusetts, 17.62 per cent.; in Connecticut, 16.9 per cent.; in Vermont, 4.8 per cent., and in Maine, 0.34 per cent., while New Hampshire has fallen off 2.48 per cent.

☞ A farmer of Springfield, Ohio, recently picked 400 bushels of cranberries from three acres, and sold the lot for $1,520.

☞ Seventy-five bushels of apples, of fair quality, were sold by auction a few days since in Grafton, Vt., for one cent a bushel.

☞ Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton admits going with Theodore Tilton to see Marie Seebach in the Taming of the Shrew, and adds: "She played Katco admirably, looked so happy and beautiful in her wifely subjection, that I went home in despair of my sex."—*Boston Post.*

☞ Horse stealing has been brought to a science in Texas. At San Antonio the other day a saddle was stolen from a horse while the owner and sheriff were standing looking at it, and at another time a horse was stolen while the owner had his arm run through the stirrup of the saddle.

☞ Nominally, freedom is on the tongues and pens of the age; it is the declared aspiration of millions; yet, as generally conceived, it is but a misty imagination, little understood and but seldom really desired.

Macaulay, the Historian.

Macaulay never wrote in haste, and revised everything that he wrote with the greatest nicety. His first rough draft was absolutely illegible from erasures and corrections. It was written on official foolscap, with the lines full an inch apart. This, however, formed but the rough outline of the essay. When the keel had thus been laid down, Macaulay began the work of amplification and revision; and when that was complete, you could hardly find space on the page to stick a pin's point. Prescott saw two or three of these pages of the MS. of his History. "You have no conception," he says, "of the amount of labor that one of these sheets of foolscap represent." But this MS. was never sent to the printer. It was copied out by Macaulay in a hand almost as bold and legible as large pica. Of his habits and hours of work, little is known. When in London, he generally spent most of the morning in the reading-room of the British Museum, and his evenings at his desk. His favorite hours of work, I believe, were those of the morning. But upon this point he "humored his disposition," like Gray. If the work palled upon him, he took up his hat and stick and started off for a stroll, generally taking a book in his pocket when in the country. Plautus was his favorite, and in a note to one of his poems he tells us how he spent many an idle hour rambling on the beach with his book in his hand, turning the Rudens of the Roman poet into what he supposed to be the original Greek. In London, he varied this diversion by visiting the book-stalls, to pick up rare or original editions of old books, or by strolling through the Seven Dials in search of ballads. He was as fond of these as Sir Walter Scott, and spent the whole of one long vacation, it is said, in a stroll through the northern counties in collecting a set. When living alone in the "Albany," Jeffrey tells us that Macaulay, like Charles Dickens, often threw down his pen at midnight, and strolled out into the silent streets, to walk about for two or three hours. He thought the silence and solitude of a great city favorable to meditation, and generally returned to his desk with a fresh stock of vivid and picturesque thoughts. A keen eye, in looking through Macaulay's essays, may, I think, trace many images and illustrations struck out in the course of these rambles. Johnson, in his criticism on Gray, laughed at this habit of his and Macaulay's of writing only when what Byron called the estro was on. But it is, I suspect, the habit of most men with whom writing is anything more than a mechanical employment. It was the habit of Byron, of Shelley, and of Burns; and it is a habit that is commended by one who understood the artistic temperament in all its moods. "When you begin to tire of your work," says Leslie, "leave off. Otherwise you will probably injure it. You will certainly injure yourself."

A Love Story.

The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families of France, became engaged, after a long courtship, to a lady his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopol; so he girded on his regimentals and marched to the battle-field. During the Count's absence it happened that his beautiful affianced had the small-pox; and hovering between life and death, she recovered, but found her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed in her case the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such an extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion.

A year passed away, when one day the Count, immediately on his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed, and solicited an interview, which was denied. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, very closely muffled in a veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but, stepping aside, she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrow, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features as, raising his hand above, he exclaimed: "It is God's work! I am blind!" It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack a cannon ball passed so closely to his eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged and his countenance unmarked, robbed him forever of sight. It is unnecessary to add that their marriage was soon solemnized.

Springs.

At a recent meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, a discussion took place on the phenomenon of the increase in volume of springs and subterranean watercourses at the end of summer. On the one hand, the theory was advanced that distant rains had swollen the sources of the springs, and that these, by hydrostatic pressure through underground conduits, increase the supply to the distant outlets. On the other hand it was argued that this theory was untenable, and that the rise of springs was due to the diminution of the evaporation from the surface of the earth, caused by the shortening of the days and the lengthening of the nights. The results of experiments, it was stated, proved that the amount of evaporation from the surface of the earth was very great in the driest seasons, and that consequently, when the evaporation was lessened by the shorter days, the springs and streams would gradually increase.

NAPOLEON III., at Wilhelmshohe, as described by a correspondent: "Napoleon is of very small stature, little more than five feet in height, pretty stout, somewhat round-shouldered and bending his head to the left side. He walks with a pensive air, with his left hand mostly on his back, while the right hand carries a cane, which, however, does not serve him as support. The military black moustache does not exist, but in its place we see a moderately large blonde moustache and imperial, which, however, do not contrast with the face very much. His hair is of a light blonde color, slightly intermingled with gray, cut short and brushed down close to the head. When on foot, Napoleon walks slow and with small steps, while he jumps easily and expertly into the saddle, and is a bold and graceful horseman."

☞ One of the most popular of London preachers is said to have furnished his library with a model pulpit, and to have studied the wave of his jeweled hand, the pathetic droop, and winning gesture of irresistible appeal, in the wood it elf.

A Curious Story.

There is a story current in the newspapers, that, just before the first shot was fired in the present European war, the Empress Eugenie called into her room an old fortune-teller, and asked her to predict the result of the war. The answer was: "In less than two months the Emperor will be in the heart of Germany, and his quarters will be in the castle of a banished German prince, which formerly saw the splendor of a Napoleon!" In what sense the Empress took this prediction we are not told; the old hag was paid well, and her words look now somewhat prophetic, though she appears to have understood history enough to know that almost everywhere in Germany the Emperor would come upon the traces of his uncle, and the careful wording of her prophecy makes it applicable no less to the present Napoleonic downfall than it would have been had the French legions gone on their way victorious to Berlin.

☞ The report that McFarland has been sent to an insane asylum is denied by his friends.

☞ The trial of John Hanlon for the murder of little Mary Mohrmann in this city, resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury were out thirty-six hours. Hanlon's counsel have moved a new trial.

THE DUKE OF AOSTA.—By the Atlantic cable it is announced that the Cortez has, by a vote of 191 against 120, chosen the Duke of Aosta to be king of Spain. Amadeus Ferdinand, Duke of Aosta, is the second son of Victor Emmanuel II., King of Italy; he was born on May 30th, 1845, and on May 30th, 1867, was married to the Princess Maria della Cisterna. The Duke of Aosta held the position of Vice Admiral of the Italian Navy, there being four other officers of that grade. As he is reported to be unusually devout in his manner of life, he will be acceptable to the Catholic party of Spain.

☞ Fortunately for M. Chevnedier de Valdrome, he is known to be one of the most absent-minded men in Paris. Once, while dining in company at the house of a friend, he astonished the guests and his host as well, by making excuses for the entrees and the dessert. "You will pardon me, I hope." "For what, indeed?" "That my cook has given such a bad dinner." Every one was careful not to apprise him of his mistake, but the truth had been spoken nevertheless.

☞ Sir John Burgoyne, who brought the ex-Empress Eugenie over to England, is the head of a very ancient family in Bedfordshire since the time of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who conferred an estate on the family, which gift he is said to have thus versified:—

"I, John of Gaunt,
Do give and do grant
To Johnny Burgoyne
And the heirs of his loin
Sutton and Potton
Until the world's rotten."

Sutton continues to be the family seat.

☞ The papers of October 20 contained the marriage notice of "Miss Ida Wolf, daughter of Dr. Leo Wolf, to Mr. Angel, of London." How delightful to transform a wolf into an angel!

☞ Pearl and flesh-colored gloves, six-buttoned, are the thing for full-dress, white being reserved for brides.

☞ Only 294 of the 502 Congregational churches in Massachusetts have resident pastors.

☞ Tea-rose, apricot, Nile green, and China pink are the favorite colors in light evening silks.

☞ Famine follows in the wake of war. A sad protest against the further prosecution of the war has been sent to Berlin from Westphalia, Rhenish Prussia, and Hanover, signed by 35,758 widows, with 78,760 children. The government is implored to save the poor creatures who sign it from absolute starvation, now that their husbands and fathers are dead, the factories in which they hoped to obtain work stopped by law, and no means of support are left them. What a pitiful picture of the war is this!

☞ A recent marriage at the capital of Wisconsin is chronicled thus:—"O'Connell—O'Sullivan.—At St. O'Raphael's Church, o' Madison, o' Sunday evening, August 14, by Father O'Keefer, Mr. John O'Connell to Miss Mary O'Sullivan, both o' Madison."

☞ A German named Hirch, employed as a clerk at San Francisco, committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a Derringer pistol on the 3d instant, while in a state of despondency brought on through his failure to draw a prize in the Mercantile Library Lottery of that city.

☞ It is suggested in Paris to photograph letters, on a very reduced scale, and thus be able to send several thousand communications by one pigeon.

☞ In many places in Maine the railroad managers build their railroad stations with halls in the second story, for concerts, dances and lecture purposes.

☞ A careful count of the last vote of Massachusetts shows that Wendell Phillips, as the candidate of three parties, polled a lighter vote than the single third party candidate, a comparatively unknown citizen, received at the last election in the Bay State.

☞ A work now in Messrs. Trubner's hands will incidentally throw some light on the intellectual capacity of Hindoo women, commonly treated as *nil*, but this history of Hindoo poetry will give names and specimens of twenty-eight poetesses.

☞ COOL ALL AROUND.—A Sunday or two since an incident occurred in an Episcopal chapel, which, had the scene been elsewhere, would have evoked considerable merriment. The incumbent had commenced his discourse, when a gentleman entered the chapel, and stood respectfully and attentively listening inside the door. No sooner had the preacher's eye lighted upon the new-comer, than, dropping the thread of his sermon, he said to him, "Come in, my friend, come in; we are always glad to see those here late who can't come early." Thus addressed, the unknown individual stepped forward, and coolly took his seat, and then as coolly asked the preacher, "Would you oblige me with the text?" "Certainly," was the reply, and the request having been complied with, the sermon proceeded.

☞ The German women make use of the post to send all sorts of presents to their husbands, sons and sweethearts. As letters are permitted up to sixteen ounces in weight, they enclose cigars, chocolate, tea, and slippers. A pair of these last are sent in two letters. It is said that one woman sent her husband a flannel shirt in six pieces, and by six posts. The last letter contained the left sleeve, with the needles and thread for sewing the shirt together.

☞ A CONTRADICTION.—The best way to patch up a quarrel is to split the difference.

AN INCONSISTENT LADY.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was recently advocating Universal Peace in Philadelphia. Not many months ago she was making bitter speeches against the Administration for not going to war with Spain about Cuba. And in her "Battle Hymn," she announced that she read "a new and fiery gospel in burnished lines of steel." She says that if women voted there would be no more wars, when it is notorious that not only she, but women generally, did all they could to force their male friends into the late civil war, and were more bitter and unforgiving than the men all through.

SENSIBLE.—Among the strongest Trades Unions of the country, and especially of New England, are the Knights of St. Crispin. At a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, recently, the following resolutions were approved:—

"First, That there shall hereafter be no more strikes in the Crispin organization. Second. That, as rapidly as possible, the organization shall be changed into a co-operative one."

☞ Louisville, Kentucky, girls, eat onion lozengers to discourage young men whom they don't care to cultivate.

☞ Flesh-colored gloves are the latest fashion. The advantage is that at a little distance no one notices that you've got them on.

☞ In the recent election in the Democratic districts all Democrats were defeated who had taken ground against the annexation of Alsace and Loraine.

☞ THE WORKING PEOPLE.—It reported that at Corinne, Utah Territory, seamstresses receive on an average from $3 to $3.50 a day, and that often $5 a day is earned. When all the materials, such as thread, buttons, &c., are furnished, the charge for making a fine shirt is $3. The poor sewing woman of the miserable garret, it is stated, is unknown at Corinne. In the same place, laundresses are paid $1,75 a dozen, and when they wash by the single piece, 25 cents are charged for a fine shirt, and 15 cents for other articles. Domestics in private families are paid from $3 to $7 a week, with board.

☞ MANGANESE IN BLOOD AND MILK.—According to Professor Pollatti, human blood contains manganese as one of its essential elements; and concluding that the same metal would be found in milk, he examined various specimens of human milk, as also that of cows, goats, and other animals, and in every case he found unmistakable evidence of the presence of this metal—the quantity in milk appearing to be greater than that in an equal quantity of blood.

☞ The experience of all the agents of our charitable societies confirms the opinion that it is very unwise to give money to street-beggars.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—15,000 bbls City Mills sold at $4,25@4,75 for superfine; $5@5,50 for extra; $5 50@6,50 for Northwest extra family; $6@6,75 for Penna family; $6@7 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $7,25@8,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—200 bbls sold at $5@5,12½.

GRAIN—Wheat—50,000 bus sold at $1,28@1,29 for Penna and Western red; $1,40 for choice do; $1,30@1,35 for Delaware red; $1,10@1,25 for Maryland; $1,42@1,47 for Western amber, and $1,42@1,55 for white. Rye—Sales of 3500 bus at 91@95c for Penna, and 90@93c for western. Corn—Sales of 70,000 bus at 89@90c for yellow, 84@86c for old mixed, and 78@82c for new Western and Penna. Oats—Sales of 74,000 bus at 54@56c for white, and 52@53½c for mixed. Barley—1000 bus of Western barley at 85c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $25@25,50; clear at $25, and extra prime at $22. Mess Beef is steady at $20,50@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30@31. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 19@20c; Excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 16@18c; sides at 15c, and shoulders, in salt, at 14½c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 14½@15c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 15@17c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 25@32c ₩ lb. Eggs—Sales at 27@30c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 13@15½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—500 bales of middlings sold at 16@16c½ ₩ lb for uplnd and 16¾@17c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $26 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark $16@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX at 29@33c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@7¾c for Apples, and 8@8½c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1,50@2,00 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Best Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,20@1,75; mixed, $1,10@1,15; Straw, 1,10@1,20.

IRON—Pig Iron—No 1 sold at $21@22; No 2 is quoted at $29@30. Bar Iron sells at $76@80 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $23 ₩ ton.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2750 head. The prices realized from 6½@9cts ₩ lb. 300 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—20,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½c ₩ lb. 7000 Hogs sold at from $10,50 to 11,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

Like "Quaker Guns."

Artificial teeth are of little use, and easily detected. Take care of the real ones. All you need is fragrant SOZODONT. Use it daily, and your teeth will be the last of nature's gifts to fail you.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," mends headless dolls and broken cradles.

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in nearly constant use in our family for ten years. During all that time it has been in perfect working order and has done a large amount of work. With the exception of twelve cents for a thread-spring cap to replace one lost, it has never cost anything for repairs."—*D. Longworthy, Mystic Bridge Ct.*

A Cross Husband.

Mrs. Smith—The fact is, my husband is becoming so outrageously cross and nervous that there is no living with him. He pretends one day that he has got the dyspepsia; the next day liver complaint; the next is sick, with no appetite—declares that there is nothing on the table fit to eat, and so on. It is all nonsense, and nothing but his confounded selfishness. From the very bottom of my heart, I believe he wants to worry me to death.

Lady Friend—Mrs. Smith, I think you are wrong. No woman has a kinder or more indulgent husband than you. I must confess that I have noticed a change in Mr. Smith; but am inclined to think that all he wants is a tonic; and if I were you, I would not be a day without PLANTATION BITTERS in the house. Make him take them moderately three times a day, and in a short time I think you will see a change. My experience is that Plantation Bitters is one of the best and most delicious tonics in the world; and that for nervousness, loss of appetite, dyspepsia and all kindred complaints, there is nothing so good.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, creams, custards, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

Those who are Sick, or

Afflicted with any chronic difficulty, should without delay write for Dr. Hamilton's New Treatise, sent free to any address. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., P. O. Box 4959. New York city. nov5-4t

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

A Body and Mind Disease.

Such is dyspepsia. The stomach and the brain are too intimately allied for the one to suffer without the other, so that dyspepsia and despondency are inseparable. It may be added, too, that irritation of the stomach is almost invariably accompanied by irritation of the temper.

The invigorating and tranquillizing operation of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is most powerfully developed in cases of indigestion. The first effect of this agreeable tonic is comforting and encouraging. A mild glow pervades the system, the chronic uneasiness in the region of the stomach is lessened, and the nervous restlessness which characterizes the disease is abated. This improvement is not transient. It is not succeeded by the return of the old symptoms with superadded force, as is always the case when unmedicated stimulants are given for the complaint. Each dose seems to impart a permanent accession of healthful invigoration. But this is not all. The aperient and anti-bilious properties of the preparation are scarcely secondary in importance to its tonic virtues. If there is an overflow of bile the secretion is soon brought within proper limits, and if the biliary organ is inert and torpid it is toned and regulated. The effect upon the discharging organs is equally salutary, and in cases of constipation the cathartic action is just sufficient to produce the desired result gradually and without pain. The Bitters also promote healthy evaporation from the surface which is particularly desirable at this season when sudden spells of raw, unpleasant weather are apt to check the natural perspiration and produce congestion of the liver, coughs, and colds. *The best safeguard against all diseases is bodily vigor*, and this the great Vegetable Restorative essentially promotes. nov5-4t

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST OF GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES, tells how and where they are made, describes the different grades and gives weight and quality of the cases with prices of each. We send them by express to any part of the country, with bill to Collect on Delivery, with privilege to the purchaser to examine the Watch before paying. No risk is taken by those who buy of us, as every Watch is warranted to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded. The prices of the Silver Watches range from $16 upwards, and the Gold Watches from $60. When you write for a price list, state that you saw this notice in the ——— ———. Address HOWARD & Co., 785 Broadway, New York. nov12-4t

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.* nov26-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try It. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th of June, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. LORENZ LOUER to Miss ELISA MOWRY both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN A. EDWARDS to Miss ESTHER S. SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. CHARLES E. PALMER to Miss ANNIE M. BOWN, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, D. D., Mr. THOMAS BOOTH to Miss MAGGIE CLEMMER, both of this city.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. GEORGE E. KENDALL to Miss SUSAN J. GATES, daughter of the Rev. James E. Gates, of Richmond, Va.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. H. Sempers, Mr. GEORGE A. MURDOCH to Miss ANNIE M. WEAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, CHARLES B. WILLIAMS, aged 67 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. SUSAN ELIZABETH, wife of Levi Curtis, M. D.

On the 14th instant, Dr. JOHN A. MASON, in his 52d year.

On the 14th instant, JAMES ROWLEY, in his 34th year.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. MARY RICHARDS, in her 74th year.

On the 12th instant, JOSEPH V. ELLISON, Sr., in his 66th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. LETITIA TAYLOR, in her 81st year.

On the 12th instant, CAROLINE E., widow of the late Wm. M. Stuart, aged 56 years.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM PATTON, in his 31st year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: We began an admirable Novelet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.

We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers **UP TO JANUARY**—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $3.50.		
2 copies,		$4.00
4	"	6.00
5	" (and one extra)	8.00
8	" (and one extra)	12.00
11	" (and one extra)	16.00
14	" (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called **"The Sisters."** It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($3.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

Sewing Machine Premium, &c.

—See terms on the second page of this paper.

FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

AN INCIDENT IN THE WAR.

"We came across a dead Prussian; he had a shot in the left side, and, according to our doctors, must have survived in a conscious state for about ten minutes; he had pushed his knapsack under his head, and leant upon his right arm; the look of his still open eyes was fixed upon the photograph of a girl in his stiff left hand; he had drawn the picture out of the letter-case which lay near him, and had awaited death, his gaze riveted on the beloved features."—ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG.

It is not so hard to discover
What Trudchen is thinking to-day;
She dreams of an absent lover
There—in the thick of the fray!

O'er fields is her fancy roaming
Covered with wounded and dead;
Till more than the shades of gloaming
Darken that golden head.

Ah, but the past was pleasant!
Seemed not the future sweet?
Never a thought of this present!
Parted—ever to meet?

* * * * *

Sedan to-day must be taken!
That every man knows well;
How the old fortress is shaken,
Shattered with shot and shell!

"Charge!" Down into the whirling
Clouds of the battle smoke;
Column on column hurling—
See—where the foe's line broke!

What's that?—a private only
Shot in the Prussian ranks:—
Ah, for a heart left lonely,
Rhine, on thy distant banks!

Yes—it is death! He knows it
Down on the field he sinks.
"Life-blood!—so slowly flows it?
See how the dry ground drinks!"

Propt on his knapsack-pillow
Calm he lies down to die,
While the attack's red billow
Rolls resistlessly by!

Knowing his time is measured,
Draws he from out his breast—
Something—a portrait treasured!
Now to his chill lips pressed.

Thus on that portrait gazing
Waits he his last repose.
On it his eyes, fast glazing,
Fasten, until they close.

Now his heart pauses—flutters—
Stops! With his dying breath,
"Trudchen!" he fondly utters.
Faithful—even to death!

T. HOOD.

A Russian Failure.

We take the following singular story of a Russian merchant, from a London periodical:—

He was by no means a dull fellow, but careless and uneducated; his father's affairs were in a flourishing state when he came into possession of them, but he had not the tact to keep it up. One could hardly call him extravagant, though it is true that he was a great lover of fine horses and public amusements; but he had no disreputable acquaintances, did not give ruinous parties, nor go the way by which K——— lost his millions. But for all that, his affairs went wrong; and I often heard my father tell my mother about the unflourishing state of the factory, and I had sense enough even then to guess that our employer was in danger of misfortune. In due time the catastrophe came, and astonished all the merchants in Moscow by its originality.

It was in the winter; his name's-day was approaching, and he intended to give a grand feast; notwithstanding the representations of my father respecting the low state of the finances, he made preparations for a magnificent dinner, bought sterlede* of an arshine in length, cases of costly wines, and rare fruits. His relatives were not present, and only his creditors were invited, their number by far surpassing that of his kindred. To the less important of these he sent notes of invitation; but to the grandees he went himself, to beg the honor of their company. For this purpose he bought an elegant new carriage; and in it, drawn by a pair of fine black horses, the Amphytrion tore all over Moscow, inviting his creditors to an humble repast.

The day arrived—and at the appointed hour the guests began to assemble, amongst them being several of the brightest stars of Moscow commerce. The dinner was a splendid affair; the luxurious dishes, prepared under the direction of the head cook of the English club, and the exquisite wines, better than which could not be procured in the city, served to put the guests into the best humors; the sterlede and strawberries did their duties, and the guests began to regard their regaler not as a debtor but as a host, and lauded to the skies with one voice his hospitality and liberality. But the end of the banquet arrives; the host quite unexpectedly rises from the table, falls on his knees in the middle of the room, and prostrating himself with his forehead on the floor before his astonished guest, addressed them a speech to the following effect:—

"My respected and respectable guests and creditors! I thank you from the fullness of my heart that you have not despised my humble fare. I entertained you according to our old Russian saying, 'What I am rich in I am delighted to offer,' but my affairs do not allow of my regaling you as my heart would fain dictate. For the last few years God has not been pleased to bless my labors in the factory with success, as you may see by the books which I shall have the honor to offer for your inspection immediately. In the present state of my affairs it is utterly impossible for me to satisfy the demands of my creditors as they would wish; and therefore, bending to a cruel and inexorable fate, and to a necessity which it breaks my heart to confess, I am compelled to offer you twenty-five kopeckas in the rouble. Remember, my much respected creditors, that we are all in the hands of the Lord; be merciful, then, to me, and do not ruin me now, nor refuse me your confidence hereafter!"

It may well be imagined that on hearing such an unexpected and pathetic speech, the physiognomies of the guests became considerably longer; and when the orator finished his address, with another prostration before his hearers, an animated murmur of voices arose.

"What is the meaning of all this?" they asked one of another. "Why should we be soiled with soot merely because he wants to fly through the chimney? If we encourage such persons we must give up business altogether! If he proves in the right by his books, why did he not set to work to bring his affairs into order? But there is a debtor's prison at the Iversky Gates—let him remember that! Why should we ruin ourselves for him? We also have creditors. We are not chips of unfeeling wood. We pay our debts, we do. Let him go to prison!"

Notwithstanding these threats, many voices were raised in favor of the hospitable host, (doubtless from the effects of the Lucullus-like banquet,) and soon they became louder than the others.

"Well, what then?" said they. "Is it the first time that such things have happened in Moscow? It is nothing new. Twenty-five kopeckas in the rouble is no such terrible bankruptcy. We knew the man for more than one year; and he cannot be accused of extravagance or idleness; 'accidents will happen in the best-regulated families.' Others come to mishap by their own imprudence. If he were a scoundrel he would not submit his fate to his creditors; but here he acts like a true Christian—invites to his house, regales us to the best of his power, and even prostrates himself before us! Surely we should not repay his hospitality with cruelty, and beat down the fallen man! Let us see his books, and finish the business with God's blessing. One can see that the man has a soul to boast of; and when he gets all right again, he will doubtless settle his old accounts, and not forget our kindness. Well! shall we forgive him or not?"

"Forgive him! forgive him!" shouted the other voices in the saloon.

The guests raised their still kneeling debtor, gave him a sound scolding then a good kissing, called for more champagne, and at last began to toss him, and to sing "Many Years" in his honor. In this manner, thanks to a cleverly-conceived trick, the commercial crisis of our bankrupt concluded with a merely family arrangement, and he continued his business with the credit and trust that he enjoyed before, though the history of his feast reached the farthest corners of Moscow.

* A delicious fish of the sturgeon species, but smaller and more delicate; it is very expensive in the capitals.

Intemperance.

The principal cause of the desire for intoxicating drinks can be traced directly to what may be called the sensational in eating. People are not satisfied with simple and wholesome food, cooked in a rational manner; but must destroy its simplicity and healthfulness by minor stimulants, which demand greater. This creates what is called a thirst for intoxicating drinks, but which is in no sense a thirst, being rather the cry of the nervous system for its accustomed stimulant. A gentleman who has visited several inebriate asylums says he has invariably observed that inebriates are large eaters, especially of animal food—that being more stimulating than vegetable food. Beef, too, was preferred to mutton and other kinds, as being the most stimulating kind of animal food. And it was usually, before being eaten, covered with mustard sufficient in quantity to blister the heel of the thickest-skinned African in creation if applied thereto. Almost everything else that was eaten was made literally black with pepper, so much so, that he once suggested to the steward that he should put the pepper on the table in bowls, with tablespoons in them, and let the patients ladle it out in that way; for it took too long to get the required quantity from the ordinary style of pepper-box with perforated lid. Coffee and tea of the strongest kind were drunk in large quantities. And tobacco was used to excess. Everybody seemed to be smoking; smoking continually. A physician attending the institution, said they literally "smoked tons of it." Mr. Parton, in his "Atlantic Monthly" article, "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" asks, "How could we dispose of the enormous amount of food we consume on festive occasions, without the aid of some stimulus to digestion?" As long as people gormandize and glutonize themselves, their diseased stomachs will crave stimulants. Strong meats and mustard and pepper, with tobacco before dinner and after dinner, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, will create a demand for fiery liquors; and between them all, the poor victim of ignorance is kept in a continual ferment and fever. And, while it may not be true that every one who eats inordinately, and of stimulating and highly-seasoned food is a drunkard, it is nevertheless true, that, by his manner of living, such a person supplies necessary conditions for becoming a drunkard. And that he does not become one is, perhaps, because of a high moral principle acting in conjunction with a great will-power to restrain his appetite for diffusible stimulants; for we hold that in such a case his appetite exists. Here is where a temperance movement, to be successful, must be begun. As people outgrow their ignorance, they will live more rationally, eat simpler food, discard all high seasoning, and the victory will soon be won. Temperance will become the rule, because there will be no demand nor appetite for intoxicating drinks.—*Waverly Magazine.*

International Questions.

A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying:

"Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else ——"

The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied:

"I have not got one, and if I had ——"

On this weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel.

"What could you mean", asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else —?"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. But," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had —'?"

"Why, of course, if had, I should have sent it." An explanation which was entirely satisfactory; and peace was concluded accordingly.

☞ A whole suit of paper clothing costs only twenty-five cents in Japan.

AIR AND PRAYER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

And this a church;—I leaned back in disgust;
So heavy on me lay the lifeless air
I wearied of its pressure, and the prayer
I fain had breathed to Heaven in hope and trust,
Like some sweet flower unto the darkness doomed,
Drooped pale and stunted back upon my heart
And perished there. Yet with how glorious start
This offering of my soul took life, and bloomed,
When I stepped out beneath the bright blue sky!
Upspringing from the vital root, it rose
A grand, sweet thought, which quickly did unclose
Its budded fancies, glowing with the dye
And perfume given by God's sunlit air.
So, rich with life, to Heaven sprang my prayer! —RUPERT.

Mysterious People.

Every one has now and then encountered in society people who have no apparent property, real or personal, yet who seem to have all the comforts and luxuries which wealth procures without making any of those exertions which procure wealth. They are generally very pleasant, companionable people, who have been everywhere and seen everything. They know everybody, and everybody knows them,—up to a certain point. The father drives a neat two-in-hand, the wife and daughters dress elegantly, and the son's pocket-money is the allowance of a prince imperial. They have the best rooms in the most fashionable hotel, or, if they keep house, their *menage* is unexceptionable: They have the most premature lamb and the earliest peas, the handsomest landau, and the choicest seats at the opera. In short, they feed on the roses and lie in the lilies of life. But how do they manage to do it? The Dores, you see, are charming people; the ladies are well-bred and bright, and Dore senior is courtly, not to say distinguished; but what is the trade, business, profession of Dore, senior? what does he do for a living? He is evidently immensely wealthy, but it is just as evident that he is not worth a cent. Nobody can find out that he owns a square inch of real estate or a dollar's worth of any kind of stock,—petroleum or other. He is not a speculator, that is certain. Is he a gambler? His habits and associates are beyond reproach. Is he (and this should be put in the smallest diamond type like the whispers in Charles Reade's novels) a counterfeiter? The suspicion dies of its own folly. If he were a foreigner one might suppose him to be an eccentric nobleman examining the social institutions of our country; but unfortunately for so flattering a hypothesis he is American born and bred. There are just two things known about him, the rest is mystery. The two things are, first, That he has no visible means of support; and, secondly, that he lives like

"A regular, rich Don Rataplan
Santa Claus de la Muscovado
Senor Grandissimo Bastinado,"

or a Count Monte Christo, at least. And how does he manage to do it? By what subtle alchemy does he coin gold to meet his lavish current expenses? What is his heavenly receipt for living sumptuously on nothing a year?

Most people who have not inherited money or made it by a lucky stroke, have to work very hard and be very economical, if they have wife and children, in order to face their butcher boldly and meet their tax-collector without a blush. But here is our friend Dore who toils not, neither does he spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was never less affected by the fluctuations of the money-market or the prices of provisions. He is a social mystery. We look upon him with a kind of awe. Enveloped in that faultlessly-cut coat, and buried under that snowy shirt-bosom, lies the secret which half the world longs for,—the secret of living on nothing, the art of economy, for this we take to be economy elevated to a fine art.

We have all met in our larger cities with such people as the Dore family, and have received from them a vague impression that there is a royal road to soft living entirely disconnected with hard work, frugality, and the petty annoyances which enter into a successful struggle for a competency. We have beheld these people, and wondered, and sometimes while we were wondering, they and their gorgeousness have disappeared,—like the enchanted things in a fairy tale,—leaving naught behind except some unpaid bills. But this has only heightened the mystery and splendor of the phenomenon.—*Every Saturday.*

Remarkable Indians.

The Alta California thus describes the peculiarities of a fragment of the Piute tribe of Indians who live on the Great American Desert—a region about one thousand miles long and three hundred miles wide, and on which there are stretches of one hundred miles without grass or water.

The "Desert Indian" is as much a reflection of the country he inhabits as the lizard or the horned frog. He is hollow-chested, thin, lithe, and active. His necessities have rendered him superior in endurance, quickness, sagacity, and intelligence, to all neighboring tribes. Two months ago a "Desert Indian," carrying express, travelled one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-two consecutive hours.

Their upper extremities are very slender; they carry scarce any flesh but that employed in locomotion. Their life has impressed upon them a wonderful physiology; their capacity to eat and to starve is truly astounding. Six months ago seven Indians, including a child six years old, ate a horse that had perished from drinking alkaline water, which weighed not less than one thousand pounds, from three o'clock in the afternoon to ten o'clock on the morning of the succeeding day—intestines, heart, lungs, and liver; even the bones were crushed and the marrow taken from them. In short, at ten o'clock next day nothing remained of the horse but the hoofs. So in less than twenty-four hours they had consumed, per capita, more than one hundred pounds of meat.

Another instance:—About a year ago, a gentleman driving a number of horses across the Desert lost thirty of them, at intervals, along the road. A party of Desert Indians started in upon the road, so fatal to the horses, and devoured every one of them as they went, coming out on the other side of the desert as fat as seals. They travelled in the scorching heat of the desert from seventy to eighty miles a day, without difficulty.

It would seem that the Piute tribe of Indians are in process of spontaneous and natural extermination, independent of any destructive effects from contact with civilization.

The statistics of Europe and America, procured in the most accurate manner, and on the largest scale, give, of all the births, 21 boys to every 20 girls. The uniformity is complete, rigid, and unvarying. For a number of years past in the Piute tribe, from careful investigation, it has been ascertained that three boys are born to every girl. Everywhere is observed a great deficiency in squaws among them. It is mathematical, at this rate, that ere long the Piute tribe will become extinct from inherent causes.

For the last six years the "Desert Indians" have found it exceedingly difficult to exist. Hares and rabbits were their great sources of food, and at one time they fairly swarmed among the sage and stunted vegetation of the desert. They were invaded some ten years since by some epidemic disease, so that now only a few remain.

Queen Augusta.

The war in Europe, which has ruined one Empress, and rendered her an exile and a wanderer, will probably result in the elevation of another royal lady to the imperial dignity. For long years, Queen Augusta, wife of the King of Prussia, has entertained the ambition of becoming the Empress of Germany. She was impressed with this idea long before she reached the throne, and no doubt impressed her ideas upon the mind of her husband.

Queen Augusta is known by her most intimate associates to be a most ambitious woman. She is not wanting in any element of true womanhood. Her devotion as a wife and mother is appreciated by her family, while her deeds of kindness and charity render her deservedly beloved and popular. But with these more sterling home qualities she combines a large knowledge of men and politics, and takes a deep interest in all that relates to literature and art. Her Majesty is a daughter of the famous duke who was the munificent friend and patron of Goethe, and in her youth she came much in contact with the illustrious author, and her character, in no slight degree, was influenced if not modelled by him. With these antecedents and qualifications, she could hardly fail to take a deep interest in the great events of which her court has been for so many years the centre.

In taste, cultivation and intellect she is vastly superior to her husband, who is simply a large, bluff, honest, hearty, self-willed and somewhat dull gentleman. The Queen has too much good sense to ever obtrude in state affairs. But there can be no doubt that her quiet, unseen influence has frequently turned the scale in favor of Bismarck's large-brained policy, when the obstinate, timid King was inclined to hold back.

An anecdote illustrating her Majesty's capacity for politics is not generally known. In 1848-49, after the Berlin insurrection, the insanity of the old King of Prussia, brother to his present Majesty, became more marked, and led to numberless court intrigues. The dominant faction, of course, attempted to make light of the malady, their object being to govern in the King's name. It was denied that he was insane, and at worst his malady did not incapacitate him from business.

The difficulty was increased by the unwillingness of the physicians to pronounce any definite opinion. It was under these circumstances that her Majesty, then Crown Princess, invited Dr. Roecker, the most distinguished physician and philosopher in Berlin, to the palace. She received him entirely in a friendly and not in a professional capacity. She led the conversation on general subjects of art, and at length glided naturally to the absorbing question of the King's illness. The Princess expressed the grief of the family, and asked was there really any hope of his Majesty's complete restoration to mental and physical health? The physician, thrown off his guard, repeated that there was "not the slightest hope."

The Princess instantly rose, pushed open some folding doors of a room in which were seated members of the Council, legislators, members of the royal family, and the high officers of state.

With a commanding voice she ordered Professor Roecker to repeat his statements respecting the condition of the King's health. He had no alternative but to obey, and in a few days her husband was declared Regent with full authority. He retained his position until he assumed the title of King on occasion of his brother's death, which occurred a few years afterward.

The large ambitious character of Queen Augusta, as we have stated, exercised an influence upon the King. So shrewd an observer as Bismarck has always recognized this feminine quality as a favorable test in selecting male diplomatic agents. On one occasion he was in doubt about the fitness of a certain appointment he desired to make until he was informed that the wife of the candidate was a peculiarly ambitious lady. This turned the scale, and the appointment was duly effected.

A Crazy Man Chloroformed.

In the New Haven almshouse the cell of a lunatic had become so filthy that it was determined to have it thoroughly cleaned. But as the madman was extremely ugly and violent, and had concealed in the straw of his cell a razor and other dangerous weapons, no person dared to enter the cell and attempt to move him. It was finally concluded to be a good plan to try the persuasive influence of chloroform, and a hole was bored in the floor over his cell with an inch and a quarter auger. As soon as the hole was made the crazy man would stop it up with rags by means of a stick that he had procured, and the doctors had a lively time. A physician who was present produced from among his repertory of instruments a machine like a garden syringe, and went to the little half-moon hole in front of the cell. The machine was full of chloroform. The madman, exulting in his strength, and throwing things round in a loose and unpleasant manner, presented a full face front to the hole in the door, whereupon the doctor let drive the contents of the machine. It struck fair and filled his beard and moustache, and very soon he became quiet as a lamb under the astonishing novelty of treatment. After he had been subdued, he was brought out of his cell and washed all over and put into clean clothing, and transferred to another cell which had been prepared, there to stay until another removal shall become necessary.

FOREST SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY KITTY K. FILER.

Beneath the tent of pine-wood boughs
I, wild-wood roamer, laugh and shout.
And I love the wood!—I love the wood!
And its mighty heart folds me about,
Echoes and thrills as I shout my love,
And pulses its replyings meet,
To the song that I sing, so sweet, so sweet!

Under the sheen o' shade and green
I, tented king, recline at ease,
My soul and Nature's spirit, deep,
Blending in perfect harmonies.
And I love, O pine, these boughs of thine!
And sing and call all lustily
While thy mighty heart doth answer me!

O pine-wood, mine! O wood o' pine!
With sunlight stealing in your heart,
E'en as the light o' love increase
And cleaves life's soulful gloom apart,
Thus do I sing till your alcoves ring,
And your thousand throats take up the song
And pulses it all your boughs among!

SINGULAR TREATMENT OF OUR DEAD.

Having completed my medical education, at Philadelphia, I passed over to the Continent. I spent two years in Paris; and, while pursuing my studies there, learned some important facts concerning the national cemetery—*Pere la chaise*. All my leisure hours were devoted to investigations in a field entirely new to me.

These investigations had a strange fascination for me; and it may seem curious when I say, that in that great dead city, I passed many happy hours. Over the gateway, as we enter, the memorable words, cut in freestone, are inscribed, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

In the days of revolution, when France held a saturnalia of blood, the motto was changed to the cold and cheerless one of *Mort est un sommeil eternel*.

On the left hand side of the carriage-way, as you enter *Pere la chaise*, stands an immense square building, called *La Mortuaire Publique*. Here all funeral processions end, and here the dead are left for a time, prior to their final deposit. The French have a mortal horror of being buried alive; hence the appliances to prevent it. The subject for a number of years past has had the maturest thought. Intellect and research have combined to lay open to the eye of all the danger of hasty sepulture. So the dead are placed in mortuaries for a week or more, with every appliance of science and machinery to afford resuscitation to those who are carried out with lips dumb and motive power beyond control. Morning and evening each body is carefully examined, and indications of returning vitality closely watched. The lids are removed, and there in the open coffins—the young, the old, the infant, and the maiden—silently await "decay's effacing fingers," ere they are laid away in the bosom of our common mother earth. It is like the harvest field, where the scattered sheaves were gathered waiting the thresher's flail; and one's fancy may detect the great thresher himself, shaking his long arm over them.

"And do any of these come to life again?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered the attendant, "about one in every three hundred."

The moral effect of this arrangement is in the highest degree salutary. Again and again have mourning friends been startled with the cheering intelligence that those they mourned as dead were yet living. The statistics of this department, dating years back, commend them to the study and earnest attention of every man. The per cent. of those snatched from the grave is not large, but sufficiently so to astonish the inquirer. The simple fact that so many, in every 10,000 of our people, who go out in the hearse, are lowered into the earth, and the clods stamped over them—go out alive, are buried alive, and die in the grave—the startling fact is enough, when known, to work, with hot speed, a revolution in our burial customs. It may be your friends, or mine, or ourselves, bid away alive, forever, from the sunshine and air of Heaven.

That solemn fact has enlisted the sympathies of the highest dignitaries of the French nation; and, to-day, the people of Paris, and the provinces, are sure that no friend is consigned to the earth alive, to fight death in the darkness of the charnel house. In our own country we are not so sure of that; for, what has been, may be, aye, will be, again. On the resurrection morn, when the pale faces shall cleave the mould of earth, not until then, shall we know the throngs put away to die in the blackness and darkness of the sepulchre.

In France and England from six to ten days is the minimum period between death and burial. In America the dead are thrust out of sight as soon as possible; not in a spirit of disrespect, but with inhuman haste. Forty-eight hours is the limit here, and even this brief time is shortened in most cases.

Open our city papers and you may read scores of notices like this: "Died this morning, Mr. ——; funeral to-morrow."

Do we ever hear of funeral processions delayed in consequence of the life-like features of the dead? Rarely, except during the last few years. The physician, when the closing scene approaches, absents himself from the house of his patient. Seldom does he wait the end of the struggle, and never does he appear after the attendants have pronounced the sufferer dead.

He who reads, and reads for a purpose, will remember a well authenticated case where a strong man dropped away suddenly, was put into the grave, and the sods stamped down upon the coffin. Moreover, that the grave was opened four days thereafter, and the body found twisted round in the coffin, an ankle dislocated, hair turned white and torn out, and the features distorted in a horrible manner, indicating that a fearful struggle had passed in battling with the monster death, in a ghastly fight for life, with all odds against the wretched man. It may be ten years now that a young lady, beautiful in person and intellect, was laid away in the ground, hurriedly as we do all things in these times of progress, and flight, and steam. Removing the body to a distant cemetery, the fact was disclosed that she was buried alive; and there, away from all hope of escape, the struggle went on and terminated. The gashed face, the lacerated breast and arms, the tufts of hair strewn about, the feet drawn up as if in wild effort for release, the lines of beauty on the finely chiselled face furrowed and scarred by finger nails, all told the horrified spectator how desperate and unavailing had been the struggle. Has it passed the memory of my readers how, in an eastern city, less than a score of years ago, a young man, six days after burial, was turned on his face, with an arm bitten to the bone, and other evidences of the death-wrestle in his coffin?

Similar cases have been recorded in this country as far back as 1830; and in England, and on the Continent, cases of the kind were numerous a quarter of a century back. Occasionally one of these cases would come to the public ear, and this would start investigation, subsequently legislation on the subject. It is not over a year ago that the reading public was shocked with a statement, since verified, that a voice issued from a half filled grave in an eastern cemetery, how the affrighted sexton ran a mile for help, and that help came too late. If the reader will think a moment, and recall the number of cataleptic cases that came under his own observation—the cases said to be "in a trance"—and saved at last, and then think how many of such were laid away in the prison house of death, through the ignorance and haste of friends, can he estimate the horror enacted beneath the sod of our beautiful cemeteries? If the dead could awake from the ceremonts of the tomb, and testify to the living, what a catalogue of the horrible would be spread open to the public eye.

In our country, we live fast, die fast, and are hurried to the grave in the self-same way. We never consider, when we lay in the earth our treasures, and weep for those we shall see no more, that in our haste—conforming to custom—we may be consigning them to a death that we would shrink to consign the greatest criminal in the land. And with the light we possess on the subject, how far removed are we from the commission of a hideous wrong?

The fact is, we are so swept along in the whirl of business, that the strongest testimony is not a warning, and that solid facts whispered into our ears—earnestly as may be—only confirm our coldness, selfishness and poltroonery.

What a mockery is all our sorrowing; how pretentious all our tears, when we make no effort, or take no precaution to prevent the incalculable horrors all of us are liable to experience.—*Nineteenth Century.*

The Diamond Fields at the Cape of Good Hope.

The English language, as it spreads farther and farther afield, is perpetually developing new words, or bringing unusual words into ordinary colloquial use. One of these latter philological improvements comes from the Cape, in the shape of a formidable adjective—diamondiferous.

Diamonds, equal in quality to those of Golconda and Brazil, have been discovered in amazing quantities, and instead of being won from the earth by the forced labor of slaves, as formerly in India, and recently in South America, these glittering prizes are to be obtained by any man (provided Fortune favors him) who does not mind hard work.

The Cape papers have run quite wild on the subject. The greater part of their issues are devoted to the diamond-fields; editors have visited the coveted regions and picked up precious stones with their own hands, and even the great European war is scarcely heeded amid the local fever and excitement. Diamonds in themselves are not articles of extraordinary utility; nevertheless, as the world chooses to value them highly, these shrewd colonists know that the diamond-fields mean brisk trade, and the influx of an energetic population; in short, all the prosperity which they have seen grow up so rapidly in Australia.

Diamond-mining appears to be attended with the same uncertainty as gold-mining. Some men are lucky at once, and continue to be lucky; others, however persevering they may be, never meet with any success. The work consists in simply quarrying a very tough description of stone and gravel, and then carting it down to the river, where the pebbles are washed and examined. Already the amount of "stuff" turned over is something surprising. The cradles are going all day, and sometimes all night, too, for on moonlight nights the more avaricious spirits refuse to go to bed, but work steadily till daylight appears. The diggers gravel the floors of their tents with the refuse washings of the mines, and amuse themselves by looking for diamonds while lying in bed. Several have been found in this way. Gambling and drinking prevail to some extent. They are very civil, friendly, and obliging, and help each other in every way. Besides this, there are a large number of respectable women and children on the mines, so that the rowdyism of California and Australia is not likely to be reproduced. Supposing diamonds are found in extraordinarily large quantities, what will be the effect? Will they become so cheap as to be reckoned vulgar? Will they be like the silver which was nothing accounted of in the golden days of King Solomon? Perhaps it will be considered "awfully bad form" to wear a diamond ring, and nobody will think of appearing at court in diamonds when every factory girl will have a string of them round her neck.—Our belief is that nothing of the sort will happen; that diamonds, like gold, will remain nearly as costly as ever; but we do hope that one of the effects of the discovery may be to send some hundreds of thousands of our countrymen to South Africa, not necessarily as diamond-hunters—rather as farmers, traders, and artisans.

Trust in Youth.

The school-boys of Rugby used to say, "We must not tell a lie to Dr. Arnold, for he always believes us." This Christian gentleman, profound scholar and successful teacher, conscious of his own virtuous impulses, did not doubt their existence in his fellow-creatures. He believed in a moral sense, and in the education of youth acted accordingly. His main purpose was to establish in the hearts of his pupils that faith in their own inherent capacity for virtue which he himself held. He, therefore, showed his trust in them, that they might learn to trust in themselves. He cherished virtuous impulse by his sympathetic acknowledgment of its existence, and encouraged it to act by the confidence he showed in its power of good. He thus elevated his boys to his own lofty sense of moral principle. "We must not tell a lie to Dr. Arnold," they said, "for he always believes us." Their high-minded master did not admit the possibility of his being told an untruth. Could they, therefore, be so mean-spirited as to tell one? Their sense of honor, responding in sympathy to that of their noble teacher, forbade it. With such an instructor as Dr. Arnold, it is not surprising to learn that of the best of England's men at this day his pupils are among the foremost.

AT LAST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thank God! my long, long weary day
At last is ended happily,
And now I rest, silent, serene,
Six feet of solid earth between
The busy world and me.

Safe sheltered in my narrow house,
Leaving the battle to the strong,
With peaceful, upturned face I lie.
Storms beat without, but what care I,
Who faced the storms so long?

No more am I by fear oppressed,
Nor ever lonely, though alone.
I hear the children when they come
To pluck the thickly clustering bloom
About my low head-stone.

I hear the willow boughs trail slow
All day, all night, above my bed—
The rustling of the corn, wind-stirred
In far off fields—the song of birds
At dawn, high overhead.

Freed from all servitude to Time,
Long hours in sweetest dreams are spent
Of what Life might have been to me.
But wherein I was blind I see,
And seeing am content.

And still one voice would quicken me,
Would make these worn out pulses leap.
But ah! too late! My tale is told!
My heart is broken! I am old!
'Twere well to let me sleep.

EVELYN M. SIMPSON.

MARJORIE.

AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

I

"The good I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do!" floated in a sigh over Marjorie's lips. All day long that verse from her last Sunday's lesson had sung itself over in her thoughts, like the plaintive, monotonous note of some invisible little bird.

Marjorie's trouble was a common one, like her life; it left her no time to grow up toward her Ideal; then she would grow irritable, impatient of endless lets and hindrances, and do the thing which she "would not."

"I know so truly what is good and beautiful, and I want so much to *be* it! only I can't because I *am* I! What an absurd thing it seems, just now, to have such a love for beautiful, graceful things, and to hope for them ever, in such a forlorn old house, such a forlorn little street, and such a dingy, drudging, common-place life, that I have to begin and end everything by being ashamed of it! . . . There's father, a cobbler! and we have to take a lodger; I am ashamed of the cobbling, of the lodger—most of all, of myself! . . . What is the use of sitting at my little attic window, where I can see the sunsets, and the stars over the house-tops—such mean, shabby, out-at-elbows, and ridiculous house-tops!—or of reading my poems and romances, and feeling my heart swell with the thought of the beautiful things that *are*, and beat hot and fast with the eager longing to make them mine! What is the use? They never can be! . . . It is like my training ivy with such care over the windows—an apology for curtains! Everything in my life is an apology, and a poor one, too, for the things I can't have, and the things I can't be! This old house—I have seen old houses that were pictures, and lovely, from the golden moss that crowned their ridge-poles to the musk-rose bushes that crowded about their worn door-stones; but this is one of the most angular, impracticable contrivances for shelter that ever was devised; with its forlornly, respectable, self-righteous air of 'poor, but honest' belongings, that defy any attempt at beautifying. That's the sort of house I live in—common-place! I used sometimes to think of the Great Desert as a parallel; but in the Great Desert there is always the interest and excitement of a possible oasis—its waving palms, and fountain of sweet waters; and here—there are no green places! Then there are the boys"—Marjorie sighed penitently!—"I mend and patch their clothes and my patience;—I wish neither needed it quite so often! . . . So father cobbles at shoes, and I cobble at life; and it is but poor, patched, unsightly work, when all is done! . . . Sometimes I think we might do better!"

Marjorie was much discouraged.

With a keen little conscience, that always pricked promptly when she went wrong; and a sense of, and longing for, the grace of life, that brought some sorrowful, repining hours of her eager spirit, she went on in an unsatisfying fashion, devising apologies for things her father was too poor to give her, she too true to a poetic instinct to do without. So you could trace her through the house, as you can trace April over the bleak hills, and through the dells of the wild wood, by the simple perfumed blossoms scattered here, the budding spray and tendrils twining there.

That accounts for the inconsistencies of the family-room, over the shop, whose two windows were draped with ivy, and fringed with mignonnette, growing in boxes outside on the ledges. Marjorie was not responsible for a tarnished, old-fashioned looking-glass; a big table under it; a little stand *vis-a-vis*; a large-patterned, ugly carpet; six stiff chairs, that would not look "at home;" and a straight-laced, slippery sofa, whose mission ended when people left off buckram and took to lounging.

These were the remains of the household goods her mother had gathered together in bright days whose brief glow faded when Marjorie came into the world with a life in her hands that she must do something with—something pre-eminently lovely and of good report, she thought, was the thing expected of her—only how could she reconcile it to the common-places among which she had stranded? . . . How could a man cast away on a desert-island, whose every effort to rescue himself proved absolutely futile, ever hope to make the distant world thrill with joy and pride at the sound of his name? First of all, he must get away and *do* something? . . . That was it! She must rescue herself!

Her nearest approach to that was to flee the "best-room," and from her back attic window, with her elbows on its ledge, her fingers thrust under her clustering hair, to look wistfully away over the house-tops, of her derision, and wait for the hour of inspiration.

It never came. To thousands of ardent, earnest souls it never does come—unless with the knowledge that to stand and wait is also service.

But impatient Marjorie knew nothing of slow processes. She cherished a feverish anxiety about her "talent," and was constantly going off on voyages of discovery into her future, much as visionary gold-seekers sail away into unknown seas in quest of fabled galleons rich with Spanish treasure, which there is every chance of their not finding. Marjorie always came back empty-handed, wondering where circumstances had buried it, and by what sort of divining-rod she might one day unearth her hidden treasure.

Once found, what would she not do with it! What pains, weariness, trouble, would she not undergo for her beautiful talent, given her from God, to be restored an hundred-fold! Once found!

Marjorie, gazing away over the clustering roofs at the splendor of a sunset that she saw not for the dreams that thronged her eyes—looking to find the duty she searched for afar and cunningly hidden, of course did not see the obvious thing—lying next her hand, for it to do.

Oh, Marjorie! we do not live by inspirations. We just go on day by day, doing the task that awaits us; and the brave, steady patience that looks so homely a virtue in the glare of to-day, shows its own fair colors, and wears the grace of the True and the Heroic, when we look back upon it lying in the mellow light of the Past.

In the soothing quiet of the window-nook, with the soft June air breathing fragrantly over her flushed cheeks, little by little, Marjorie had cast off her impatient mood; forgotten the beginnings of an admiration that was to her only humiliation; repented the spasm of "crossness" that had grown out of it, and made her sharp to Billy, whose sufferings were not altogether vicarious, inasmuch as she had been the innocent original cause of this incipient love-making, this wretched travesty of the possible romance.

At this window of hers—the large dormer that lighted the upper landing—she heard steps coming wearily up the stairs. It was the lodger; but she never stirred for him. He ranked in her mind only as one of a migratory race of beings, occupying, each in his turn, the spacious front attic, paying a small rent, that was more than ever needed now that the boys were growing so big, and chiefly interesting to her on account of their being so necessary to the family comfort. She had never more acquaintance with the lodger for the time being than would justify her in responding to a lifted hat with a formal bow, in a casual encounter in the passage. Generally it was a poor student who kept down expenses by lodging there; sometimes an actor belonging to a travelling company; sometimes an underpaid clerk or a starveling author. This one, now slowly mounting the last flight, was an artist; poor and mediocre, of course, else he had not drifted to the occupancy of that front attic.

Marjorie's thought of him went no farther. She was longing for "the interest and the excitement of a possible oasis."

The step halted near her. After a brief pause, she flung a glance over her shoulder in undisguised impatience.

As the lodger stood, his head resting listlessly against the wall, the golden light flooded in level rays over him. His thin, dark face flushed and brightened in the mellow glow. His softly brilliant eyes were gone out in a rapture to greet the glory of the sky; they came back, however, to meet her arrested gaze; and a half-smile, full of sweetness and weariness, trembled across his lips.

His voice was quiet and pleasant:

"I often see you here. You come for the sunsets?"

"Yes!" answered Marjorie shortly, ungraciously. She was not going to talk with the lodger! She wished he would go away! That was her own little sanctuary. She considered it an intrusion, impertinent; and her smooth forehead resolutely gathered itself into dimples—the nearest approach to a frown that it could achieve; and, alas! Marjorie in her disapprobation looked more sweetly young and fair than ever.

"May I trouble you to do me a little favor?" The lodger was duly impressed, and spoke with a gentle hesitancy that made her penitent for her impatience; and he looked really tired. "I see you have your work-basket there. Only a pin is needed, I think—if you will be so good!"

He held out his straw hat, the bread black ribbon that banded it hanging loosely. Marjorie put no faith in pins. Her fingers found a shining needle, a reel of silk, a bit of wax, a fairy thimble, which had to be threaded, to be bitten off, to be waxed, to be knotted at one end—Oh! it was a work of time, though they were deft, too—those busy little fingers! And naturally, standing beside her, he told her the circumstances, rather circumlocutiously—beginning at the very beginning, when the dawn had stolen, dimpled and rosy, forth from the gray east, and tempted him into the fields, he knowing that the meadow larks would sing their gladdest for such an aurora; how, in a reprehensible, grasping, miserly mood, he had stuck so many daisies and wild roses into his hat, that the ribbon had burst, and *this* was his reward! . . . She was very kind . . . Had she happened to notice the sunrise that morning?

"No," Marjorie answered. "I have no window looking toward the sunrise; and, if I had, it would make no difference. I always have to be in the kitchen then!"

She sighed involuntarily over the admission. It was such a homely parable, meaning such a common-place life—pots and kettles, ashes and cinders—while the glory of the dawn was gathering itself to set all heaven aflame. And then, to be interrupted at her sunset with a request for—a pin! Did ever such stupid things come to any other girl? Marjorie wondered.

"But you are very faithful to such glimpses of the glory as come to your window. I was sure I should find you here; and when I came up out of the lower darkness, there you stood like one inspired! Were you?"

"Oh, no!" was the honest disclaimer. "I was only waiting—" She had quite finished, not her sentence, but all she meant to say; still his silence, his attentive face, urged her on, blushingly, brokenly. "For an inspiration—about right ways—to a noble life."

"Oh! Why that is one of the plain things, isn't it? To just live on!"

"That is what every one does," Marjorie complained.

"Is it? Too many get discouraged, and stand still, I think. Others get into 'the broad way,' and, like people lost in a wood, live round in a circle. But the 'straight way' doesn't allow of that; it is progressive, and one must live on, in it. Every step onward is one upward, too!"

While the last crimson softly faded in the west, the clock in the old church-tower near by struck the hour with a sharp, warning clang, that had so often seemed to Marjorie to question her:—

"Why stand idle, and duty left undone?"

She started obediently, and, with her hand on the stair-rail, said, throwing back a regretful glance, not at him:—"I can't wait for the stars! I must go down and get supper ready for father and the boys!"

Left alone, the lodger, smiling to himself as he watched the summer stars brighten and burn in the twilight, mused on the words and ways of Marjorie.

"Cinderella vanishes at the stroke of the clock! She talks with wistful eyes, in parables! 'When will the Prince come with the fairy gift in his hand?' Oh, little Cinderella, can't you interpret fairy-lore? Don't you know that the fairy-gift is always love? Poor little maiden! There is for her no Dawn in the East, and life's drudgery drags her down! 'She can't wait for the stars!' Cinderella is a child that must be looked after. She shall have a fairy godmother!"

And Marjorie, in the little dark kitchen, down on her knees coaxing a sullen fire, or passing lightly hither and thither, felt quite gently disposed toward the lodger, won by his refined, sensitive face, with the look of patient pain in it, his soft eyes, his pleasant ways. Remembering that look, and the slow, tired step, she settled it to her own satisfaction, that he was lonely, that his head ached, and he needed a cup of hot tea; therefore, a big boy came lumbering noisily up the stairs, stopping short at the lodger's elbow.

"Oh!—see here—I say"—breathlessly; "father says, won't you step down and take a cup of tea?—it's all ready."

This was the cobbler's first overture; the lodger had reasons of his own for meeting it full half-way.

The big boy, one of five, hopped noisily down before him, doing the whole flight on one foot; and, bursting the door open, unceremoniously announced:—

"Here he is!"

Marjorie greeted him with a look of quiet satisfaction. The thought of him, lonely and in pain, had worried her; but she had done her duty, and got him off her mind. So she came and went, brightly and quietly; served a plain little tea; cleared it away; and disappeared into her little kitchen below for half an hour.

It was a dull half-hour for the lodger, since of the seven in that family group, six were absolutely uninteresting to him. Being of a gentle, unselfish spirit, he wondered how she out-lived or over-lived it—lacking, of necessity, that interest which her presence alone provided for him. The cobbler, sitting by the window in an uncouth, bent posture, slowly puffing at his pipe, and looking vacantly out into the street, presented not even a picturesque homeliness. The boys, in the farthest corner of the room, were playing and wrangling together. He had just decided that it was growing quite insupportable—his head did ache!—when Marjorie came in flushed, and looking tired. That altered everything. He remembered those unconfided "reasons" that had brought him there, and personal discomfort had to stand aside.

She chided the boys in a few pleasant, low-spoken words, before which their tumult fell to murmurs instantly; then she took her basket to the window, and unfolded a bit of fancy work.

Relentless Billy pounced upon her at once. "Marjie, the button's off my jacket: won't you sew it on?"

Marjorie folded the fancy work, having taken not one stitch on it, and drew the rough jacket across her knee. The moment she gave it back, Joe's school-satchel came swinging over her shoulders for repairs. Then Gil querulously wanted to know when she would get "those things" done: he had got to be helped with his lessons. So next came the slate and its dog-eared companion, and Marjorie patiently tided Gil over the breakers of a problem; but, before the results were duly proved, Sammy was howling with a cut finger; and she must run for the box of salve, and a bandage, and administer comfort in unlimited doses. While this domestic scene was being enacted, Jem, the mischievous, experimented with the lamp, screwing it up, until, by means of the smoked chimney he produced a very satisfactory eclipse. But Master Jem's prank was prolific of a series of unexpected results. Aroused and enraged, the cobbler cuffed his ears smartly; and, as if the doleful wail had been a concerted piece, Jem took it up, and his voice arose in independent quavers. Then he was ordered to bed, "in the dark, since he liked it so much!" With a dismal sense upon him of being misunderstood by his family, Jem obeyed, and was heard stumbling with great care over everything in the passage, and sitting down on an upper landing to bemoan himself. Marjorie looked troubled: she had had the care of little Jem almost from his birth; she slipped out of the room, and shortly the sounds of lamentation grew fitful, then ceased altogether. When the other boys had gradually dispersed, the cobbler refilled his pipe, and became by degrees as social as it was in him to be.

"His boys were a great trial and perplexity to him. Life itself was a great trial and perplexity. Somehow, he couldn't make both ends meet—never had—expected he never should. Some folks could, but he didn't see how they contrived it. If it wasn't for Marjie, he should give it up. Marjie's mother was his first wife. After *she* died, life had come hard. He didn't expect it would ever grow easier again. It had nearly crushed him. He didn't look to ever rise again till he and Marjie's mother rose side by side."

He ceased when Marjorie entered and resumed her seat—but not her fancy work. She brought a great roll of patches, and a garment sadly out-at-elbows, that she must made ready for wear against school-time.

The lodger, touching the little roll of dainties work, asked her what its chances were of ever reaching a state of completion, against such multifarious interruptions.

"Oh! it won't do to think of that—except at odd moments, and stitch by stitch. These have to be done—that must wait!"

"With the stars and the sunrise?"

Marjorie nodded as she fitted a patch in neatly. She did not tell him how many other things had to wait beside. She had no need; he had already mastered the language in which her life was written.

"The comfort is," he said, in a tone of gentle but earnest conviction, "that one by one things are finished—somehow—and done with. We grow from so much!"

And Marjorie felt comforted by the words, and perhaps even more by the sympathy and strength of the tones that uttered them.

So the lodger entered upon his self-elected sponsorial career.

When he bade her good-night, he added smilingly, "I am sorry to find your time so filled! I had another, a greater favor to ask at your hands; but it, too, 'must wait!'"

II.

The days went on as days do go; and little events began to weave themselves in tiny, sober-hued patterns into the web of destiny. Marjorie found that even a pin is not always to be despised; for the want of one was the beginning of an acquaintance that slowly and quietly ripened into friendship as the summer days lengthened and wore away. In their twilights, leaning from her attic, and looking at the stars that could always wait for her, Marjorie sometimes dreamed aloud, and waited expectant for the reply, as for unfailing balm of comfort and counsel. And the words her friend uttered—not always with intent to help or heal—but always out of a right spirit—fell on fertile ground, and bore good fruit—fruit not alluring to the eye and luscious to the lips, like nectarines, but wholesome and useful, like wheat. He never sermonized; a text simplified was enough for preacher and audience. From the hour he had said, "Live on," the way had suddenly been made plain, she had found the true path for her seeking feet. When he said that "a duty neglected is an opportunity lost," her heart was strengthened; the meanest service in her father's house became tolerable, as a messenger sent "on purpose" to aid in her discipline. When, in answer to some of her vague longings, he said that it was what we do with life, not where fate ordained it to be lived, that concerned us, Marjorie conned his meaning over her work until she had it, and many, many other things, by heart. She came, almost unconsciously, to take less thought of her barren and homely surroundings.

There were exceptional moments, however, when the "glimmerings of a possible grandeur" came. She was subject to occasional relapses from the exalted, spiritual mood; and too often her impatient spirit chafed, because it craved to be active in the beautiful work of the world, and there was no way, for that "talent" obstinately refused to develop itself. Then the days seemed little and meagre as humdrum could make them; and, do what she would, she was living in vain.

Marjorie had some shadow of excuse for her inconsistencies of mood; for there had intruded itself into her quiet, and for the most part contented days, an event that she scorned, even while it humbled her, as purely an accident of her station.

Marjorie had a lover!

Only that she was the cobbler's daughter—the sister of Bill, Gil, Joe, Sammy, and Jem—she well knew that the young man in the fish-market would never have ventured to regard her in that familiar light. He was a very "likely youth," the *fidus Achates* of Billy, and the aspiring though undeclared suitor of Billy's sister.

That was a result of all her common-place belongings; and, oh, how Marjorie did despise them, for a little while, in the bitterness of her spirit!

For over a year, Peters had regularly tied on a fresh apron when her mornings came for visiting his stall, spending extra time in decorating his counter with quite an artistic arrangement of reddest lobsters, pearliest scaled fish, and bluest eels, in contrasting heaps; and invariably he produced the gayest of nosegays, which he put into her basket along with her purchase.

When the lodger went below, one evening, he found Marjorie looking flushed and vexed.

"A new trouble?" he asked.

"New? dear me! no. It is only the old trouble, or a piece of it; just enough to remind me who and what I am, and to keep me down! I suppose I am very foolish; but—I have had a valentine. Never mind from whom; only, just look at it."

"You don't seem very grateful," was all the lodger's conscience would allow him to say, as he gave it back.

"No," said Marjorie: "I'm afraid it isn't in me."

She bent her head, and sewed so long in industrious silence, that he presently ventured to ask her what she was doing.

"Cobbling," she answered. "The only sort of work the world has for people like me."

Still with the pretty head drooping, and the lovely eyes bent upon the coarse mending in her lap; but the crimson deepened on her cheeks; the words that began hard and bitter faltered! and he was sure that a sudden rush of tears glistened on her lashes. It was a little puzzling to decide how a fairy godmother ought next to proceed. Of course, her duty was plain enough. The bitter draught must be turned to sweet and wholesome uses. As he stood in silence, leaning against the window where she sat, thinking with regret of these incessant little gad-fly troubles that buzzed about and vexed her whom he seemed so powerless to protect, he was on the point of believing that ancient fairy godmothers with wands had decided advantages over modern ones without, when his eyes fell somewhat absently upon the green mignonette boxes outside, that would soon claim her care.

The next evening he came in at his usual hour, laden with a small parcel or two.

"I have brought you a present, Marjorie," he said, with his quiet smile, always so full of cheer, so friendly. "I want to try if gratitude really 'isn't in' you."

"If your present is 'imitation,' or 'French gilt,' the experiment has been tried already."

"What it is, we must wait and see! Nobody knows what it may develop into at the last. It is a long process; and life-like, it requires patience and faith!"

As he spoke he unwrapped a coarse brown paper, and displayed a common earthen vase. The boys, curious to see what he had brought, crowded around the table, wide-eyed and inquisitive.

"Lend me the trowel, please."

Marjorie, flushing and laughing, brought him an old broken-handled steel fork:—

"There's the apology for one: I use it to cultivate my window-garden. Will it serve?"

"Perfectly."

The lodger proceeded to open a small paper-bag full of a yellow-gray powder; and, while the boys cried out at its villainous odor, reviling it as "nasty stuff," he diligently mixed a small quantity with the earth in his vase.

"Last of all, the wonder itself!" he said, when these preparations were completed, and drew from his coat-pocket a bit of paper, which, once unfolded, revealed a sight that sent the boys into fits of laughter, even Marjorie joining the chorus faintly. "Oh, oh! what a present Marjie's got! Ain't that a jolly valentine, though! Give us a slice. No, let's have an Irish stew of it," and so on.

Then little Jem, who had crowded in under the lodger's elbow, and regarded it with great, serious eyes, stared around upon the group, and, first poking it cautiously with his finger, gravely announced:—

"Why, it's an onion!"

"An onion is a very useful vegetable, Jemmy," were the only words the lodger spoke in its defence.

After drawing from Marjorie the reluctant confession that she could scarcely imagine anything less interesting or pleasant to look at, the lodger said that the best way to dispose of it was to bury it away out of sight in the earth, which he did; then he said, pleasantly and patiently, that, poor and mean as his gift had been, he hoped she would keep it and tend it, for the sake of their friendship.

Again Marjorie wondered "if there lived another girl to whom such poor, stupid things happened."

It was doomed to be a luckless gift. She was made angry almost beyond self-control, when, on the following Sunday evening, Billy's friend asked her, with a malicious smile, how the onion was growing.

Billy had told!

The scorn of Peters, who was not gifted with the fine perception to know when a jest had served its uses, and his magnificent offers to set up for himself in the green-grocery line, and make her fortune for her by giving her a contract to supply the market with onions, aroused Marjorie's liveliest indignation. The man she cared nothing for; but she could not brook the insolent presumption of his criticism. Still she saw at once that her care of the gift annoyed Peters; so she cared for it most faithfully, moving the rude earthen jar from hour to hour, that every pale ray of spring sunshine might warm and woo it into life, until, as a reward for her pains, its green, needle-like leaves pierced the earth.

It is true that their appearance sorely disappointed her. She had secretly cherished a hope that an hour of triumph was in store for her; that it might really turn out something other than the "useful vegetable" about which she had endured so many pointless jests. And, as the leaves grew, she was truly relieved and glad, when the lodger one day proposed removing it to his window, where it would have the morning sunshine.

Once out of the fishmonger's sight, she hoped it would be also out of his mind. But it was not. It was so fertile a topic, the staple of his conversation still consisted in allusions to Marjorie's agricultural proclivities. But warmer days had come with the balmy airs of spring, and it was possible for her to retreat in happy exile once more.

The sittings came to an end.

Then, through her father's hands, Marjorie was surprised to find herself the possessor of a to her almost incredible sum of money. And she dared not feel regret, because through that money so many longed-for things were made possible. Gil could now be provided with a well-supplied kit and set sail to study practically his darling science of navigation; Sammy and Jem would be sent to a good school; Billy and Joe were also provided with the necessary beginnings of their modest ambitions; while the father was relieved of a burden under which he had been slowly breaking down.

All this while, Marjorie's curiosity had never been gratified with a glimpse of either picture. "Not yet—not until it is finished, please."

Thus the artist had gently put aside her first eager request.

"I have always to wait," said Marjorie. But she seemed to have learned a gentler patience, and her smile was brightly submissive as she yielded.

If the lodger kept her waiting, Peters did not. Jealousy had slowly undermined his patience, and he seized the very first opportunity to open negotiations. Fortune favored him, by sending her to his stand at an hour when he happened to be presiding there alone.

"Miss Marjie," he began, with a whine meant to be touchingly expressive of illusage and long suffering, "you don't seem to value my valentine; leastways I don't never see you wear that brooch and earrings."

"I never do," she answered, quietly.

"May I make so bold as to ask why?"

"You have asked, at all events; and I am quite willing to answer. I never wear such showy ornaments, and I never accept such gifts from—young men!"

"Why—but you did accept them!" Peters paused in the act of sharpening his fish-knife, to observe the effect of his clenching logic.

"I do not," she answered firmly, yet civilly.

"I have been waiting to learn who sent them, so that I might return them to their owner."

"What! you don't mean to give 'em back? Well I like that! Why, I know lots of girls that would jump at 'em this minute!"

"Then it was a mistake, sending them to me, that can be easily repaired. I could never keep such a gift, though I ought to thank you for the kind—"

Here Marjorie stopped short, reddening like a rose at finding herself on the very verge of a fib; tempted by courtesy to say a kind thing that she did not and could not mean. Peters, with a face as red as his own lobsters, acted on the impulse of his sudden rage: seizing something from among the greengrocer's wares, he said, with a rude laugh,

"Well, Miss, you can take that, anyway; mine's as good as his'n, I calculate; and I'll send round a flower-pot and some muck, directly!" Whereupon he tossed a great red onion into her basket.

Marjorie understood the whole significance of the insult, and her indignant heart beat fast and hard. In silence she counted out her change, replaced the vegetable and the nosegay on the marble slab, and, with gentle dignity, went her way.

He gazed at the rejected flowers, and comprehended the vanity of his hopes; and, as if those innocent violets were to blame he savagely flung them into the gutter. His anger thus relieved, he administered balm to his wounded vanity by gazing collectively for a long time at the shining heap of fish before him, and, "calculating that there was as good 'uns in the sea as was ever hauled out on't yet!"

So it came about that Sarah Meggs, the milliner's apprentice, succeeded to the "jewelry" and his affections; and, in time, all went well with Peters, who throve in trade better than in romance.

How well Marjorie remembered that sweetly-scented, freshly-bright May morning, when her cheeks flamed so hotly with the shame of that encounter; when, home from the market, she lingered at her attic-window, to quiet the surging of her heart, and to look out at glimpses of the blossom-laden fruit trees, in the neighboring gardens, whose billowy, white branches danced in the light breeze, shaking out sweetness, and scattering drifts of fragrant snow! The beauty and purity of such a morning seemed like a gentle reproach.

The door of the attic studio stood open, and she heard the lodger speak her name. She passed along the hall, half singing, all trace of her late anger vanished, and, and pausing in the doorway, asked,

"Is patience going to have its perfect work at last?"

"That is the question," said the artist; and there was a suppressed anxiety in his tone. At any other time Marjorie would have noticed it; but at that moment was wafted to her a breath of such fragrance, she could only exclaim in delight—

"Oh, how sweet! how delicious! What is it? Have you a magic wand, or an Ariel who brings you special gales from the Spice Islands?"

"I am no enchanter!" said the lodger, gravely.

"Sometimes I think you are!" Marjorie answered softly. Then, hanging her crimsoning face like a bright rose heavy with its own sweetness, she continued in a voice full of tremulous hurry: "Where does it come from? What is it that fills the room with this divine perfume?"

For answer, the lodger pointed to the window, where, when she had last seen his luckless gift, the green leaves, parting from their close embrace, disclosed a cluster of sheathed buds curling together and crowding up to the light. There, in the rude pot of common clay, its roots feeding on the noisome earth, the despised bulb, from among its coarse, ungraceful leaves, sent up one stalk, straight and fair, laden with waxen, pinky, curling bells, that poured forth such rich and lavish odors!

"It could not have unfolded more perfect petals, nor yielded sweeter perfume, from a vase of Sevres," said the lodger, smiling at her rapture.

In silence she bent over it. Lower and lower drooped her head; but those watchful eyes saw the tear slowly gather on her lashes, glisten, tremble, and fall, to be caught in the topmost cup of the blossoming spire.

"I see it all now. It is an allegory," she said, lifting her bright face. "First all was rude, coarse; yet the cunning roots could convert all to noble uses, and the spirit so fed is perfect beauty and perfect sweetness. It is just your one old priceless sermon—with new illustrations!"

Then, with sudden grace, she went swiftly toward him, extending both her hands in a gesture full of gratitude.

"How you have helped me to live!" she said.

"I wish that I might help you always, through your life and mine!" he answered, looking, with eyes that were grave and anxious, into her uplifted face. She saw it, half comprehended it; and a rapturous fright seized her.

"May I look at the pictures now?" she asked, in tones so calm and steady, he would never have guessed how she trembled for an instant, as he sat down before his easel, and removed the cloth that veiled his work.

The first picture was a kitchen scene, where a Cinderella, with her own wistful eyes, her own impatient curl of half-sad, half-scornful lips, surveyed the pots and kettles with listless disdain, unconscious of the shrewd, smiling little fairy godmother visible in the shadow of the half-open door. After the first swift glance, Marjorie laughingly exulted in the picture.

"But I ought to have it myself. What business has any one else with a whole page out of my life, painted so plainly that words could not make it plainer? So common, so coarse! My old complaint and the very pout of my lips! And so dull and drudging, all among the cinders—quite unconscious of the fairy at the door! Oh foolish, stupid Marjorie!"

After a little silence, the artist removed the canvas, and lifted another to its place. The kitchen still; but without the door, the mice and lizards transformed into spruce, liveried attendants; within, Cinderella, beautiful and glowing in her ball attire, watching with a half-smile the little fairy, who, regardless of the great pumpkin at her feet, had taken from a heap of vegetables a much-reviled bulb, which, at the touch of her wand, had burst into exquisite blossoms for her god-daughter's bouquet—the artist, having a fancy of his own to indulge, taking in this matter a slight liberty with the original.

Marjorie, as she gathered in the whole meaning of the picture, dropped her hand lightly on his shoulder, and exclaimed under her breath—

"Ah! I see it all now—the whole heart of the story! My fairy godmother!"

Turning quickly, he took both her hands, and, kissing them, answered her:

"My princess."

So Marjorie burgeoned into her beautiful blossom-time; and never again did life seem hard, and coarse, and bare.

The potent wand never lost its magic, as so many wands have done, through careless disuse. The faithful love that enfolded her as in a royal mantle, that had taught her how to live, and helped her in the rough and toilsome places, made all the wilderness to blossom for her like the rose, and made of all the thorny ways a sacred memory. Thenceforth the gray of the soberest dawn that broke above her was flushed with soft rose-tints, like the hue of those long-faded flowers; and over the dreariest day that ever closed in gloom about her, stole a phantom sweetness of hyacinths long dead, mingling with the music of a voice, tender and true, that never forgot to speak the old fond words in the old fond way.

Yet the artist and his wife were poor, and life was a daily struggle—for him, of bread-getting; for her, of ceaseless small contrivings and economies. They lived in a plain little home, in a dull little street; and to you, who never knew the legend of blossom and flower, the purity and sweetness of their quiet life, the love that made it sacred, and the aspirations that glorified it, I dare say Marjorie's existence would have seemed common-place to the end.

☞ A Dexter, Maine, boy dug one hundred and three bushels of potatoes, carried them to market and sold them for cash, all in one day—and wiled away his leisure time peeling two bushels of apples! If you don't believe it, the Gazette is responsible.

☞ The new Government of Rome follows in the footsteps of the Pope, and will not permit a Protestant place of worship in that city.

The Indians of California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY OLD BLOCK.

NO. 2.

In the fall of 1850, I received notice that a band of men had organized to kill every Indian they could find. The reason given was, that the Indians were throwing down fences and killing the cattle of ranchmen. I stood as a kind of balancing power between the whites and Indians—it was a duty to protect both. I learned that twenty men under the organization of a bad man, who it was said had once graced the penitentiary, had ridden one whole day in trying to find Indians to slaughter. My first care was to notify the Indians and put them on their guard. For this purpose I mounted my horse and visited several camps, the nearest at hand. What was my surprise to find every village deserted! and in a ride of two days I could not find a single Indian. They had all mysteriously disappeared. I could not meet a white man who had seen an Indian for several days. Some twelve miles below, among the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, was a lovely valley called Indian Spring. Here dwelt a large band of Indians under the paternal care of *El Capitan* Loocas, and this locality was a favorite resort of the friendly mountain tribes; and I thought it not impossible that the various bands had congregated there for some purpose, and determined to visit that locality in my hunt after Indians. But in the meantime I understood that the band of exterminators was to have another meeting the next day (Sunday) for the purpose of arranging another raid. There would not be time to see the Indians, so I resolved to ride down and meet these self-constituted conservators of public good, and know something officially of their intentions.

Accordingly, early on Sunday morning, I went to the Slocum* settlement. I could find no one at home. There seemed to be a fatality attached to the business of hunting up both Indians and white men. Fortunately, a man passed by who told me that the people were probably all at church. He directed me to a trail along a deep ravine, which I followed for half a mile or more between lofty hills, until I came to its head, and there, up on a level plateau perhaps two hundred feet above the bottom of the gulch, embowered in a grove of lofty pines, stood a plain building, newly built of undressed boards, which had been dedicated by a tacit consent of the wild backwoodsmen to the worship of God. Services closed just as I reached the house, and the worshipers were coming out. I signified to several of the men the object of my visit. Seating ourselves upon the ground beneath a great pine, I inquired about their organization and its object. Their chief speaker, Slocum, did not hesitate to tell me at once the full particulars, and notwithstanding he had just been engaged in prayer to the good Being who watches over white men and Indians alike, added with some vehement expletives that they meant to kill the red rascals.

"And why? for what reason?" I asked.

"Because the d—d imps had been killing cattle and stealing hogs."

"Which of them has done this?" I inquired.

"He didn't know nor care; it was an Indian, and the white men were bound to have revenge on the whole tribe."

"That may pass for good Indian law," I answered, "but in the ethics of civilized society it will hardly be allowed to punish the innocent for the sins of the guilty."

He "didn't care for that. An Indian is an Indian; he'll steal, anyhow, and they ought all to be exterminated. There is no safety for stock. Why, they have driven off a lot of hogs already, and who knows but they may set fire to our buildings next, and burn us out of house and home?"

"I have never heard before that the Indians had turned hog-drovers, nor do I believe it now."

"No matter what you believe: we will kill them, anyhow," he retorted, savagely.

"Look here, man," I replied, decidedly. "Listen to me: You have been to church to-day, with the avowed purpose of worshipping with humble hearts the God of Mercy and Love. You leave the sanctuary with blood in your eyes, a determination of committing murder upon the first favorable opportunity, and, what is still worse, you propose to kill innocent victims. You confound the innocent with the guilty for a crime of which you are by no means sure they committed. A pretty religion you have! If you call that religion, may God deliver me from it! Now, I tell you plainly that if a single Indian is hurt before you have proof of his guilt, I will have every man of you indicted, and I will pursue you to the extent of the law. Ascertain who the guilty one is, and I will go with you to arrest him, and he shall be fairly tried; but remember, if an Indian is harmed by any of you, I will follow you to the extent of the law. You well know I have the power."

For a time our conference was rather stormy, but it ended by their agreeing to suspend hostilities till the following Sunday, when I promised to meet them at the same place, and in the meantime I would take such measures as would probably remove any further complaint. I left them with a feeling on their part that probably they might have gone a little too far, and indeed all but Slocum expressed themselves in that way. My next course was to find the Indians, and a few days after I rode to Indian Spring Valley. They were gone from there, no one knew whither, but I learned that two or three families were still encamped on the side of a high, steep mountain not far distant; and with a good deal of labor I climbed up, and found them ensconced among mighty rocks very difficult of access.

"Where is *Capitan* Loocas and the Indians?" I inquired.

"Among the hills of the Yuba," replied a young Indian, coming forward—"about three miles from here."

"I must see Loocas. I want you to guide me to him."

"Must we go to Tehama?" he asked.

"No—not if I can see *el Capitan Loocas*. I shall protect you all."

"I'll show you where the camp is, *el Capitan*," he replied, good-naturedly, when he found I did not intend banishing the tribe. "Follow me."

Taking a direction across the country, every foot of which was familiar to my dusky guide, although there was no trail, we found our way over hills, through ravines, among tall pines, and through *chaparral* of the beautiful manzanita, till at length we reached the base of a high conical mountain, which we began to ascend. As we approached the summit, I saw the smoke of numerous camp-fires, and a little farther on we met a few Indians who were loitering among the undergrowth. In a moment the shout was raised, "*el Capitan* is coming," and at once the crest of the mountain seemed alive with dusky forms, and multitudes came out to meet me. Arriving at the encampment, I was surprised to find a gathering of a thousand Indians. The chief met me cordially, and on my inquiring the cause of the gathering of so many, he told me that it was only one of their customs, when different tribes met in a social, friendly way, to have a jolly time in dancing and amusement.

"I came to talk with you, Loocas: the Indians are in danger;" and I briefly told him of the organization.

This being explained to the assembled multitude, created no little astonishment and alarm. I ascertained that a band of visiting Indians living at a distance of twenty miles had found on their passage to the meeting a calf which had become mired down in a swamp, and was nearly dead. This they had slaughtered, and thrown the skin away; and this skin having been found, the white man who made the discovery jumped to the conclusion at once that the infernal Indians had commenced slaughtering cattle by wholesale, and gave currency to the report, which, after all, terminated very much like the story of the three black crows. As for driving off hogs, it was a notorious fact that the Indians did not eat pork, and it subsequently turned out that a *white man* was actually detected stealing hogs in the locality where the charge was made against them.

"And now, Loocas," said I, "when the Indians go home, they had better take a trail west of the Slocum Settlement, along the *big range*, and over the Great Grizzly Mountain." This they at once assented to.

"When will you break up?"

"In two sleeps," he responded. "All shall go then."

"Well, when the bands reach the summit of Grizzly Mountain, let them make a smoke. I shall be at Slocum's. I shall see the smoke and know that they are safe."

On the afternoon of the appointed day, I again met the Regulators at the church, and told them that I had had a conference with the Indians; that they need fear nothing further from those calf-slaughtering savages; that if any future trouble occurred to notify me, and I should see justice done. While we were talking a high column of smoke arose from the summit of Grizzly Mountain, some two or three miles distant, which notified me that our red brethren were safe. Repeating my assertion, that if the band proceeded to extremities, I would prosecute them.

I left them with their assurance that they would take no further steps in the matter; and that was the last real serious difficulty I had to meet—between the whites and Indians, though I was frequently called to act between them.

Very many anecdotes might be told to illustrate the early settlement of California and the character of the Indians, but they would occupy too much space in a single article. The natives have as clear an idea of right and wrong, according to their own code, as we have. They are affectionate and kind among themselves; and while I lived with them for months on Feather River, I never witnessed a quarrel among members of the same band. They live in a sort of patriarchal simplicity, yielding ready obedience to their chiefs and head men. I never could discover that they had any well-defined ideas of a Supreme Being. They had their periodical festivities, and their days of mourning—which latter is mostly performed by the women.

In talking with an intelligent chief once, I tried to explain to him our belief in the immortality of the soul—that when a man died his spirit went to Heaven and still lived. He laughed at the idea of living when a man was dead—and told me when an Indian died they burnt his body, gathered his ashes and placed them in a general place of deposit, and every fall the women of the different bands met and cried over them, and that was all.

"But why do you do this? For what reason do you meet to mourn? And why do your women cover their heads with tar, and paint their faces and bosoms black?" I asked.

"Oh, because our fathers did so a long time ago, and we do so too."

And that was the most logical reason I could elicit.

While the mountain Indians burn the bodies of their dead, those of the valley bury them. I have attended many of their funeral obsequies, as well as their festivals of rejoicing; but a full description of their customs would occupy the space of another article. They differ in manners and customs materially from the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, are less bold and warlike, and are easier controlled by their superiors in whom they place confidence. I never had any difficulty in managing them; and to this day those who are left regard me as a friend. But they are passing away fast. Their doom is sealed. Contact with civilization has nearly decimated them; and very few years will pass before they will no longer be a trouble or expense to the Government, nor stand in the way of the march of improvement.

*Not the real name, for obvious reasons.

☞ The Princess Clotilde is a plucky little body. She married a Napoleon, and proposes to partake of the family fortunes and misfortunes. She refuses to desert the Empress, and disdains to imitate the conduct of Maria Louisa.

☞ "Harry," said a mother to her little boy, "you shouldn't throw away nice bread like that; you may want it before you die." "How could I get it though, if I eat it now?" Harry asked.

☞ The depth of cowardice—Fearing to strike a balance-sheet.

☞ Where do they put oxen on board ship? In the steer-age.

☞ TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.—An enthusiastic witness in a Belfast "horse case" was extolling an animated skeleton whose merits were under discussion. In cross-examination he was asked, "Will you give twent-five dollars for her?" "Yes," he replied. "She is yours," said the counsel: and under penalty for perjury he will have to take her.

☞ An exchange says a young lady of that place has just celebrated her wooden wedding by marrying a blockhead.

☞ Louis Napoleon insists upon it that he is an impecunious individual. He lately told Lady Cowley, at Wilhelmshohe, that he and the Empress together had not more than $6,500 a year. Eugenie, he said, had mortgaged her Spanish property to the full rental.

A CROON.

"No honeymoon," is the last marriage announcement, following "No cards" of the nobodies.—*Daily Paper.*

No honeymoon! No honeymoon!
No happy days of endless spoon!
No blissful pause at Love's high noon!
No soaring, as in a balloon,
Above earth's cares inopportune!
No month of one continual June—
No month of joy, gone all too soon!
No brief seclusion, glorious boon!
No more sweet wine and macaroon,
No bridal wreaths in fair festoon,
No honeymoon! No pleasant lune!
The muse can only wail and croon—
"No honeymoon! Oh, I shall swoon!"
Poor bridegroom, thou'rt a luckless 'coon;
Poor bride, your happy hours they prune!
From stone their hearts have sure been hewn
Who thus proclaim, "No honeymoon."

☞ A farmer at Sweetwater, Tenn., was badly sold the other day by some swindlers in New York, who sent him a package marked gold watches, upon which he had to pay $94. He retired to his own house before viewing his purchase, and there found that he had parted with his money for four pieces of cast-iron.

☞ The bronze statues of the Emperor Napoleon in Paris have been sent to the foundry to be melted into cannon.

☞ A London publisher has offered $50,000 for the exclusive right, for ten years, of publishing the revised version of the Bible.

☞ What is faith? Not an opinion, nor any number of opinions put together, be they ever so true. A string of opinions is no more Christian faith than a *string* of beads is Christian holiness.—*John Wesley.*

☞ Canadian millers are importing wheat very extensively, this season, from Chicago and Milwaukee.

☞ The latest code of etiquette in regard to young ladies about to be married is said to be that they should not make calls after the engagement is announced. There is also another new decree of fashion in this connection. It is not in good taste to divulge in advance the direction to be taken in the wedding tour. One young lady observed this rule so strictly as to decline taking any member of her family, even her mother, into her confidence as regarded this important matter. Folderol.

☞ South Carolina, with a population of only 735,000, and the white population largely disfranchised, polled at the last election over 135,000 votes.

☞ Velvet sacks are to be the fashion for ladies the coming winter, and sacks not quite so much velvet will be in vogue for delinquent lovers.

☞ Four seed cucumbers was a clergyman's fee for marrying a couple in Iowa.

☞ Scientific men have recently discovered that the poison taken into the system from continued smoking of tobacco will cause death in one hundred and sixty-seven years.

☞ Though Bayard Taylor has withdrawn from the lecture field, he will deliver, at the request of his friends and neighbors around Kennet Square, his series of lectures on German Literature, as follows: 1. Lessing. 2. Klopstock, Wieland and Herder. 3. Schiller. 4. Goethe. 5. Goethe's Faust.

☞ Chunder Sen, the famous Hindoo, came from India to see Christian Europe, and could not do so by reason of the ravages of war among Christian people.

☞ They are talking in the western cities of reviving an ancient custom of selling real estate by auction, the sale to continue only while an inch of candle is being consumed.

☞ Some few weeks ago a young man from the interior of Kentucky died of the prevailing epidemic at New Orleans. His brother went on to convey the remains home for burial, was there taken sick with the same disease, and died also, and then the father of the two went to bring their bodies home, and he, too, was stricken with the fever and died.

☞ A Lowell paper is responsible for the following fish story:—Andrew Sheffield, who lives in that city, cut the head off of a large mud-turtle this past summer, and two days afterwards, hearing a great noise among the domestic animals in the garden, he found that the cat had been playing with the turtle's head, when the head in retaliation attacked the cat and attached itself to the feline's head, causing the animal much pain. It was with great difficulty that Mr. Sheffield opened the turtle's mouth and disengaged its grip on the frightened quadruped.

☞ Here is an extract from a Cincinnati Jewish paper: "Notice—The engagement of my daughter —— with Mr. —— has been broken off."

☞ A local editor of a Columbus paper having recently got married, a cotemporary says: "May his father-in-law die rich, and enable poor Stephens to retire from the printing business and set up a cake-shop at a railway station."

☞ It is doubtful whether there is a better root than the potato for feeding for milk. A farmer in Ohio has found that 30 quarts of carrots gave him 32 pounds of milk, and 36 quarts of potatoes gave him 40 pounds of milk. The other food given the cow was dry hay.

☞ Disraeli says: "I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I cannot bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion."

☞ Transplantation of teeth has been successfully practised for some time by Mitscherlich, of Berlin. His method is to plant into an empty tooth socket a human tooth that had been extracted some little time previously. The tooth itself took no part in forming the union; but material was thrown out by the socket which firmly fixed the tooth in its place.

☞ LATIN MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS.—The use of Latin in writing medical prescriptions should be discarded, as it is so frequently the cause of serious mistakes. Few physicians write the language well, and druggists are often confounded in attempting to decipher this illegible chirography.

☞ A CLASSIFICATION.—Professor Huxley can hardly wonder at his unpopularity among "the clergy" since he classified them as follows: 1. An immense body, who are ignorant and speak out; 2. A small proportion who know and are silent; and 3. A minute minority, who know and speak according to their knowledge.

☞ A LESSON FROM THE TURKS.—It is a singular fact that duels and suicides are unknown among the Turks. They believe in predestination, and are rigidly opposed to the idea of hastening death by arsenic or gunpowder. The conduct of the Turks in this respect may be therefore held up as a model for Christian imitation.

☞ A dandy swell in New York is in a fix. His pants were made so tight for him that he can't get his boots on, and if he puts his boots on first, he can't get the pants on. This is a case of genuine distress.

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No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
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" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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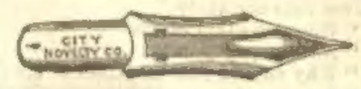

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Touch of Life.

A few nights since, the passengers in a crowded street car were startled by the soft cooing of a couple in one corner. A blue veil hid the lady's face, and the gentleman's hand was playing nervously with its folds.

"You love me, then?" they heard him say.

The rapid reply was in a tone less loud, but its accent was as tender as heart could wish.

"I have loved you so long," the swain continued, "and I have been afraid to indulge the sweet hopes that are now resolving themselves into certainty."

"Was you afaid of pa?"

"No—but of you."

"Why should you be afraid of me?"

"Because it seemed so impossible that you should love me."

"Why?"

"I'm homely; my face is not handsome; I have nothing that attracts the love of woman."

"But you are rich," the lady archly replied.

"Passingly so, but not very."

The conversation had by this time grown absorbingly interesting, and every ear was listening in the crowded car.

"Would you marry me if I was poor?"

"How can you ask—am I so mercenary?"

"No—but so many are."

There was a momentary silence, and then the whispered conversation was resumed with a mutual confession. In plain words, both acknowledged a resemblance to Job's turkey—neither had a cent. They would commence their married life very much as they began the world—with nothing. The mutual confession was evidently a damper on their enthusiasm. They were silent. The lady cast furtive glances at the swain, and at last murmured audibly—

"I'm too young to marry."

The tone was disappointed. It had a hesitating accent about it that meant more than the language. But the answer came heartily, bluff, and to the point—

"So am I."

"We've both been mistaken."

"And so they had. They left the car quietly. The question of marriage was thoroughly understood. There was to be no wedding.

Hunting Eggs.

H. W. Beecher, giving his experience of hunting hen's eggs, says:—We put the eggs safely in our coat-tail pocket, and walked cautiously. It recalled a piece of disreputable carelessness on our father's part, who once sat down on a dozen eggs, and went up as if every egg was a bomb, and every bomb in explosion. But then he was a notoriously absent-minded man. His very example was our safety. And yet we dwelt with some inward mirth, as we walked to the house, on the ludicrous figure which our father cut. Dinner was spread as we came in. Some question came up which diverted our thought from the discovery of the nest—indeed we forgot that we had eggs about us, and drew to the table and sat down with alacrity which was only equalled by the spring with which we got up.

"Gracious!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough!"

"Are you sick? Do let—"

I drew my hand from my pocket, streaming with liquid chicken never to be born, and the disgusting secret was out! That woman was a saint! My pockets were duly cleansed, without one cutting word. I can imagine the process, but I never liked to dwell upon it. Would you believe it—the same thing happened in a few weeks again! It did, and to the very same person! But never since, no—never! From that day to this, we do not remember ever to have taken an egg from a nest.

1. When I see a man who allows himself to be puffed up and flattered, I know that his time will come when he will sit down on his eggs.

2. When I see men who are robbing right and left, and filling their pockets with unlawful wealth which other men earned, I say, "you will sit on those eggs yet."

3. When over-cunning men think that they can outwit all their fellows, and are exulting at the success which their shrewdness has achieved, I say to myself, "Fill your pockets! By-and-by you will sit down on those eggs."

"Won't Do It Again."

Teacher (in loud tones)—"What is your name?"

Boy (in a weak voice).—"Johnny Wells, sir."

"How old are you, John Wells?"

"Twelve years old, sir."

"Now John, tell me who made this great and glorious universe?"

"Don't know, sir."

"What, twelve years old, and don't know who made this great and noble sphere? James Smith, go and get me a whip."

The birch was brought, and held over the trembling boy. In thundering tones the rigid disciplinarian demanded:

"Now tell me who made this great world we live in?"

In tearful voice Johnny answered:

"I did, sir; but I won't do it again."

Left Over.

A funny story is going the rounds in Paris. A lady in the first society was recently obliged to dismiss her nurse on account of an excess of firemen and private soldiers too often repeated. After choosing as a successor to this criminal a very pretty girl, the lady, explaining why the first went away, enjoined it on the second not to do likewise. She admitted that she shouldn't.

"I can endure a good deal," said the lady, "but soldiers about the kitchen I won't endure."

After a week or eight days, the lady came one day into the kitchen, opened the cupboard, and discovered a youthful military.

"Oh, ma'am," cried the girl, frightened, "I give my word I never saw that soldier before in my life—he must have been one of the old ones left over by the other girl."

QUICK TRAVELLING.—The following is said to have been a Yankee's reasoning on progress in transportation:—"I can recklect ten or twelve years ago, that if I started from Bosting on a Wednesday I cud get in Philadelphy on the next Saturday, makin' jist three days. Now I kin git from Bosting to Philadelphy in one day; and I've been cal'latin' that if the power of steam increases for the next ten years as it has been doin' for the last ten years, *I'd be in Philadelphy jist two days before I started from Bosting.*"

UNVARNISHED TRUTH.

WIFE (No. 3.)—"Now, on your word and honor, dear, did not you like your two former wives better than you do me?"

HUSBAND.—"Certainly not, my love. The present's always the best!"

Scrambled Eggs.

During the winter of '67, Harry McN., of Baltimore, while acting in the capacity of commercial tourist, i. e., drummer, visited Wilmington, N. C., and stopped at one of the "first-class" hotels. At the breakfast table he gave an elaborate order to the waiter, and included in it two soft-boiled eggs. Sambo went off to the kitchen, but soon returned and asked:

"Mass Boss, did you want dem eggs scrambled?"

"No," said Harry, "I want them soft boiled."

"All right, sar," and off he trotted again. In a few moments he loomed in again, and remarked, in a most persuasive tone:

"Mass Boss, you *better* have dem eggs scrambled."

"What the deuce do you mean?" roared Harry.

"Well," said Sambo, "Mass Boss, I'll tell you; dem eggs ain't very fresh, and dey'll *look better* scrambled."

Harry cancelled the order for hen-fruit in toto.

A SIGH.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPAFFORD.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling finger
With a hand as chill—
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!

—*Harpers Magazine.*

The Uses of Salt.

Salt not only exerts an important influence upon mankind, but is indispensable to their existence. It enters into the constitution of the blood, which contains 4-1000 of its weight of salt. Its absence from our food would invariably result in death. It is an important condiment, as well as a preservative. Meat, fish, vegetables, butter, and other provisions, are preserved by it from spoiling, so that they may be kept for a long time. By its use in the preservation of meat, the development of navigation has been greatly promoted, and it thus exerts a most beneficial influence upon civilization.

It is necessary to vegetable as well as animal growth, and is therefore employed as a fertiliser. In chemical manufactures considerable quantities are used for the preparation of hydrochloric acid, chlorine, bleaching salts, sal-ammoniac, and many other products. Salt forms indirectly a material for the making of soap and glass. Besides, it serves in tanning, for glazing pottery, for the extraction of silver and copper from their ores, for the preparation of mixtures for producing cold, and for many other purposes.

The extent and importance of the uses of salt can scarcely be better described than in the words of Dr. Bolley, which we translate from a work of his, entitled "Das Kochsalz:" "We awake in the morning; the linen which we put on betrays by its whiteness that it has been bleached by the chlorine derived from salt; the shoe with which we cover our feet required salt in the hands of the tanner; in the soap that we use for the toilet, we seize a transformed piece of salt; the glass, which we bring to the mouth, hides the chief ingredient of salt; from the crude ore by means of salt was produced the bright, white metal of the tea-spoon, which is so highly esteemed by the world; the tea-kettle is soldered with borax which holds soda produced from salt; the milk before us contains salt, the butter has been preserved by it perhaps for months; the bread betrays to the palate that the dough has been mixed with salt. We grasp the paper; it required the application of chlorine from salt in order to please us by its whiteness. The clean spectacles through which we see are partly composed of what once was salt. A visit is announced; a patient wishes to consult us; he enters, and seeking scientific aid, we reflect upon the remedies at our command, and commence to write. Out of ten medicines we find that five of them owe their origin, either by their composition or the mode of their preparation, to salt.

"Who is able to forget for one moment this ever-present Proteus that appears in a thousand forms?"

☞ Soft soap, in some shape, pleases all; and, generally speaking, the more *lye* you put into it the better.

The Satan Rocket.

We borrow the following account of this invention from La France: "M. L——, the distinguished civil engineer and chemist, of the Rue de Londres, Paris, has just invented a rocket which will be a formidable engine of defence; he has christened it the Fusee-Satan. We have seen this rocket made, and we will endeavor to describe it to our readers. To the end of an ordinary rocket is attached a very slight receptacle of tin, having exactly the shape of a conical bullet. In this receptacle is arranged a chamber filled with a composition, based, we believe, upon sulphuret of carbon, which composition once lighted gives out considerable heat. A fusee communicates from this chamber with the top of the rocket. The tin bullet is filled, just before being used, with petroleum oil; the lighted rocket rises in the air, and traverses the space necessary to arrive over a certain spot. Arrived above its object, the rocket sets fire to the fusee, the composition in the chamber of the bullet takes light, bursts its envelope, and at the same time fires the petroleum, which falls like a sheet of flame, and continues burning. This sheet of flame fills a space of 16 to 24 square metres, according to the size of the rocket. No. 1 throws 1 litre of petroleum; No. 2, 2 litres; and No. 3, 3 litres. They can be thrown a distance of 6 kilometres, and aimed with great precision, being balanced by means of a long stick attached to each rocket, which maintains the elevation given to it at the time of discharge. Some interesting experiments were made with this weapon, at Saint Cloud, last month. In less than ten minutes a considerable space of ground was covered with a sea of fire. A committee composed of superior officers of artillery presided over the experiments, and the general at their head was appalled by the terrible nature of this engine of destruction. Just imagine this sea of fire falling upon the Prussian masses, burning everything, setting light to the cartridges in the soldiers' pouches, and to the ammunition vans of the artillery. Their rout would be complete. The committee, in its report, has declared in its opinion, no civilized nation could make use of these rockets, except for reprisals, and it would be only in case of the Prussians firing up Paris with petroleum bombs, such as they used at Strasbourg, that the defenders of Paris should be entitled to retaliate with the new rocket. However this may be, the Committee of National Defence has given the inventor a large building on the Batignolles (formerly a girls' school), and has ordered the immediate manufacture, on a large scale, of Satan rockets."

AGRICULTURAL.

Wells of Water.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph gives the following useful hints about wells:

As the use of pure water contributes largely to health, how necessary it becomes every one to secure good water, as it enters into all of our food and drink, more or less. Notwithstanding all its essential and acknowledged benefits to health and life, it is wonderful to see how careless the great mass of people are with their wells. In several instances within my observation they have been covered with loose boards and animals fell in; and creeping things, toads, rats, mice, &c., drop in and decay. In one case which has come within my knowledge, a young man and wife had a pretty little son some four years of age; the man kept a toll gate near Detroit, and while engaged in marketing my fruit, the little boy would ask for an apple, and the mother wished me to leave some of a particular kind, when I passed that way again; when I did, I put up some fruit for the little boy, but when I got there the father and mother were in tears, stating that he had fallen into the well near by and drowned. He lifted a loose board and fell in!

Another family were poisoned by impurities in the well, and numerous cases of sickness caused by impure water have come to my knowledge in various places, making large bills of expense for doctoring and nursing, and leaving broken constitutions in the end.

The train of evils resulting from the use of bad water are too numerous to mention here. Therefore I will give your readers my mode of finishing wells, which is as follows:—"Raise the earth around the well and imbed the covering in lime-mortar, so that nothing can enter the well by surface water or creep beneath the covering, and if curb, fitted closely to the covering. Be sure to always see the water before drinking or putting into kettles to cook. The quality of water need not be written in this brief article, which is a question of science, and may be discussed more at length, should time permit, in a separate communication.

Quarter Crack in Horses' Hoofs.

Many plans have been devised by which to heal a quarter crack, such as scoring with a knife, blistering, cutting with a sharp, hot iron, riveting and the like; all which, in many cases, have proved a failure. Now, if you will follow my directions, you may have a sound foot in three months. Above the crack, and next to the hair, cut with your knife an incision one half inch long, crosswise of the crack, and one-eighth or one-sixteenth inch deep. Now, from the incision draw a line one-quarter inch each side, parallel with the crack, down to the shoe; then with your knife follow those lines, and cut through the enamel, or crust of the foot. Now, there is a piece of the crust to be taken out. This is done by loosening the top of the piece next to the hair with your knife, then with your forceps take hold of the piece and pull it off; that leaves a space of one-half inch of the crust taken out from hair down to the shoe. Fill the cavity with tar, and lace on a soft piece of leather to keep the tar in its place.

Keep the animal quiet for three or four days, and he is ready to drive. Shoe with a bar shoe, leaving some spring to the heel, so it will not bear hard upon the weak quarter, and in three months you will have a sound foot. The bar shoe is often exceedingly useful. It is the continuation of the common shoe around the heels, and by means of it the pressure may be taken off from some tender part of the foot, and thrown on another which is better able to bear it, or more widely and deeply diffused over the whole foot. It is resorted to in cases of corns, pumiced feet, sand crack, quarter crack, etc. In such cases the bar shoe can be used to advantage, but it should be left off as soon as it can be dispensed with. Any intelligent blacksmith can make them.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

What Agricultural Colleges Should Be.

Colleges for the promotion of Agriculture should take young men where the farm and the common school leave them; young men who have already received a good, sound knowledge and experience in the simple, usual processes of agriculture, and on that they should build, making them master farmers; thoroughly trained in the arts bearing on agriculture; trained by studies of nature to use their powers of observation; trained by studies of science to use their powers of practical reason; trained by study of both sciences and arts to bring these powers of observation and reasoning to bear on important practical questions. Having learned much of the usual processes of farm work, they should be made to investigate the new processes to find the facts or fallacies in them. They should be made to study not merely the plough and the ploughing, as they could easily study them without stirring from their fathers' farms, but the very best theory and practice of ploughs and ploughing, of enrichment of soils, of draining of lands, of rotation of crops, of construction of buildings, or breeding of animals and the like.

With these should always be taught the principles of accounts, so that the student would know, not merely the farming which a millionaire might play at to deplete his fortune, but the farming which a thrifty settler might work at to increase his fortune.

I would let no man graduate until, in addition to his thorough examination in pure and applied science, he had gone out on the farm with two experienced agriculturists, and had passed a plain, thorough, common sense examination in practical agriculture, answering their questions how this field was treated, and why; what labor was employed on that field, and with what economic result; what he would recommend for the other field and why; and so on to the satisfaction of the special committee.

You may by these methods send forth every year a brood of apostles of improved agriculture which shall be better scientifically, practically, and economically; apostles who shall develop agricultural virtues and fight agricultural vices; whose farms shall be centres of new and good ideas; fortresses against quackery.

We are not to establish a reform school, nor an intellectual almshouse. We should take sound, manly, capable young men, where the farm and the preliminary schools leave them, and give them back to the country, strong to develop and increase the resources of neighborhoods, states and nations.—*From Address of Pres. White of Cornell University.*

The Manure Question.

An experience of thirty years in the use of fertilizers of every variety, and a careful observation of the results of an infinite number of experiments with farmyard manure especially, has satisfied me, as it will every one who will as carefully experiment and closely observe the results as I have done, that there is no way in which the manure from stables can be made so profitable as to apply it on the surface of grass lands in an entirely decomposed state, or as near as practicable just as it comes from the stable.

As it is impracticable to haul it daily, at all seasons of the year, direct from the stable to the field, I construct a manure house, into which the manure is daily deposited. The object of the yard being only for sunning and exercising the animals stabled, nothing is fed in the yard, neither is any straw or cornstalks thrown into the yard. The former not needed for bedding the stock stabled, is hauled directly to some grass field and evenly spread on the surface. The stalks of Indian corn I have topped, and the top stalks only are hauled from the field for feeding. These are chopped and moistened and mixed with ground feed, are equally well adapted to feeding horses, cows, or fattening cattle. The buts of the stalks I chop off at the surface of the ground during the winter, and lay them in the furrow and plough them in.

As every farmer requires a portion of manure every year in a fine and decomposed state, for raising garden vegetables, I provide for that by having a place for composting all the refuse of the farm not provided as above. To this I add as much stable manure as is required to produce the desired quantity of compost.

I have long satisfied myself that it was bad economy to decompose the manure of the farm in open yards, and also that it would not pay to conduct the washings from a yard into a cistern from which it was to be carted and applied to the land in a liquid state.

I make cisterns in the ground for collecting the urine from stables, which urine I dilute by turning into it the rain-water from the roof, and run it into an adjacent vegetable and fruit garden, and apply it in a diluted liquid state, using it instead of pure water for watering the crops in drought.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 62 letters.
My 7, 10, 12, 17, 20, 32, 9, 3, is a gas.
My 1, 8, 51, 53, 59, 62, 24, is an island.
My 60, 10, 56, 53, 14, 48, is a sweet flower.
My 8, 6, 5, 29, 54, 53, 43, is a great English writer.
My 13, 27, 17, 6, 12, 10, 16, 11, was a brave Roman.
My 8, 4, 53, 43, 44, 47, 24, 32, 33, was a poet.
My 31, 10, 59, 29, 6, was a Grecian goddess.
My 23, 44, 42, 6, 24, 11, were nymphs of the mountains.
My 28, 27, 5, 24, 18, 46, 27, 44, 12, 13, was a celebrated English poet.
My 28, 58, 59, 44, 9, 11, 36, 60, 61, 62, is a piece written by him.
My 28, 6, 60, 51, 44, 29, 54, is a well-known novel.
My 39, 9, 53, 18, 56, 63, was a celebrated English naval commander.
My whole is a quotation from Shakspeare.

CHARLEY.

Riddle.

My 1st is in brief, but not in long.
My 2d is in lay, but not in song.
My 3d is in sun, but not in moon.
My 4th is in late, but not in soon.
My 5th is in dumb, but not in talk.
My 6th is in ride, but not in walk.
My 7th is in chair, but not in stool.
My 8th is in dunce, but not in school.
In the warm, pleasant days of spring,
My whole doth often sweetly sing.

Mathematical Problem.

A cask containing 20 gallons of wine stands on another containing 32 gallons of water; they are connected by a pipe, through which, when open, the wine can run into the lower cask at the rate of 5 gallons per minute, and through a pipe of the same size in the bottom of the lower cask the mixture can escape; also, water can be let in through a pipe in the top of the upper cask at the same rate.

If all the pipes be opened at the same instant, how much *wine* will be in the lower cask at the end of 40 minutes, supposing the fluids to mingle perfectly?

☞ Send solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Arithmetical Problem.

Peter and John bought goods to the amount of $1,000, in the purchase of which Peter paid more than John. They then sold their goods for ready money, gaining at the rate of 200 per cent. on the purchase money. Dividing this gain in proportion to what each had paid into the stock, Peter said to John, "My part of the gain is quite a handsome sum. If I had as many such sums as your part thereof contains dollars, I should then have $960,000." John replied: "That is nothing very strange. If my part of the gain is multiplied by your part of the gain the product will consequently be even with your own named product." I demand each man's stock in purchasing the goods.

JUNIOR.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Who killed the most poultry? Ans.—Hamlet's uncle, for he did "murder most foul."

☞ When is a side of leather like iron-rust? Ans.—When it is an ox-hide.

☞ What is the most profitable of all businesses? Ans.—The shoe, for every pair is soled before it is finished.

☞ Why is it dangerous to take a nap while the cars are in motion? Ans.—Because the train runs over sleepers.

☞ Why cannot a gentleman legally possess a short walking-stick? Ans.—Because it can never be-long to him.

☞ Why is the heighs of a horse given in hands instead of feet? Ans.—Because it is considered handier, of course.

☞ Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Ans.—Because it has to be ground before it is used.

☞ What is the best corn extractor? Ans.—A crow.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished."

CHARADE.—Ashhopper. (Ash-Hop-Err.)

RIDDLE.—Content.

RECEIPTS.

GATHER IN TOMATOES.—Before the end of the month, or at any rate before frost touches them, gather all the tomatoes that remain in bunches; hang them upon cords in a warm kitchen; they will ripen in succession, and prove equally good as if ripened in the open air upon the plant.

BAKED PUDDING.—Ingredients.—As much flour as will fill a common-sized saucer moderately heaped; one quart sweet milk, four eggs, a piece of butter or lard as large as a hen's egg, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Directions.—Pour the milk into the flour, gradually beating until entirely smooth; add the butter or lard, and salt; beat the eggs until very light, and stir well into the above. Bake in a common iron skillet, and serve with sauce made of equal quantities of good molasses and brown sugar, stewed together with a small piece of butter; when ready for table, add a little cream and nutmeg.

STEWED PARTRIDGE WITH CABBAGE.—This admirable dish is of French origin, and may be prepared as follows: Take two young partridges trussed, with the legs tucked in as a fowl for boiling, and lard the breast with a few strips of fat bacon. Cut the heart of a good hard white cabbage into four quarters, blanch it in boiling water, or by boiling for a few minutes, and then steep it in cold water for a quarter of an hour; press out the water, cut away the stalks, and put the cabbage into a four-quart stewpan; place the partridges in the midst of the cabbage, and add ½ lb. of streaky bacon or ham, and, if possible, a little Boulegna sausage, a bunch of seasoning herbs, nearly ½ lb. of carrot, onions, and pepper to taste; moisten if necessary with some meat broth; add ½ lb. of butter, cover the stewpan closely, and stew for nearly two hours; then take out your birds, bacon, and sausage, and keep warm. Dry the cabbage somewhat over the fire, stirring till the moisture is nearly expelled. In serving, first put your cabbage in the dish, place the birds in the centre, and garnish round with the bacon, carrots, and sausage. The dish should be served with a boat of good gravy meat thickened with flour and butter.